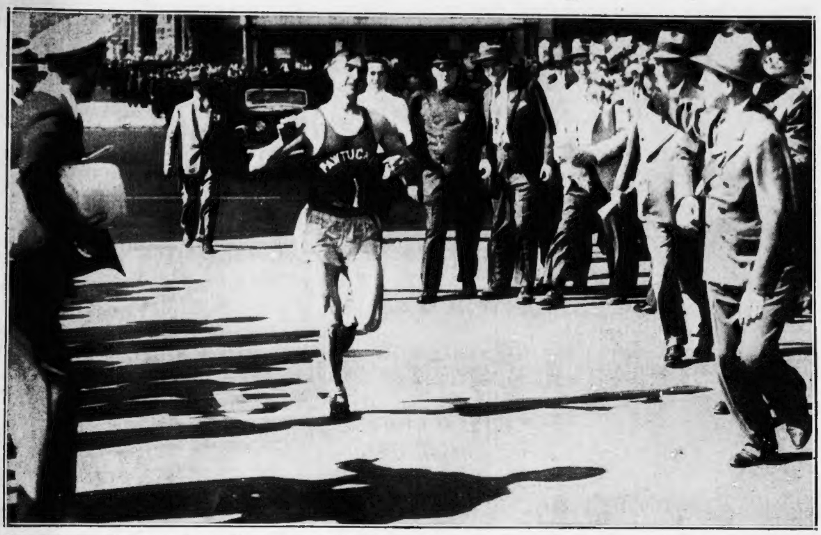
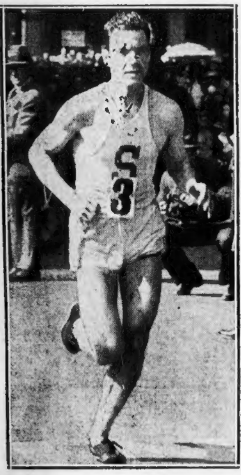
Along 'Heartbreak Highway' With Marathon Aces

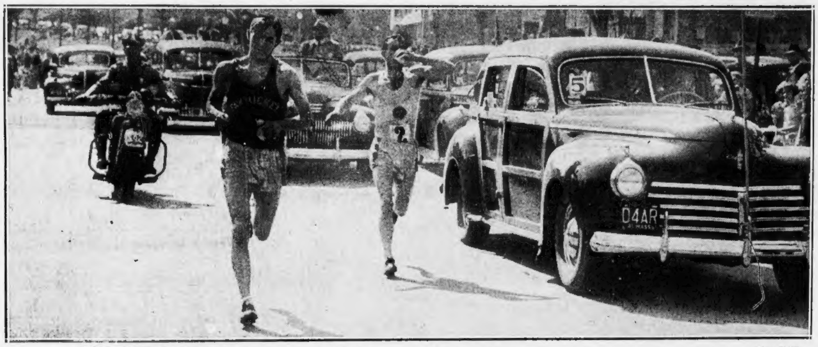


THE WINNER! Racing over the gruelling marathon course in the fastest time he ever made, Leslie Pawson, veteran Pawtucket plodder, hung up his third B. A. A. triumph yesterday afternoon against a star studded field. Favoring the extreme heat, Pawson ran his own race and rated himself perfectly to eventually wear down Johnny Kelley and go on to win by over 150 yards. Pawson was at his best yesterday and after the victory insisted that there would be more victories in the future.

SECOND AND DISAPPOINTED over failing to win, Johnny Kelley, pride of Arlington just missed top honors and battled gamely all the way. Just beyond the finish line is Johnny's father and Mayor Maurice J. Tobin waiting to congratulate him on his great effort. Kelley led a good share of the way, but just lacked the stamina to hold off the final bid of Leslie Pawson.

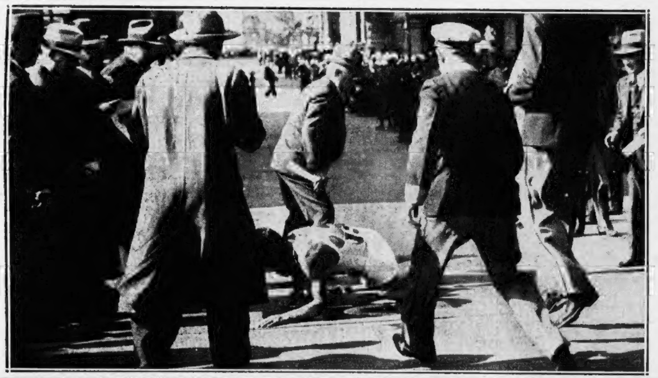


Third—Don Heinicke, Baltimore, Md.

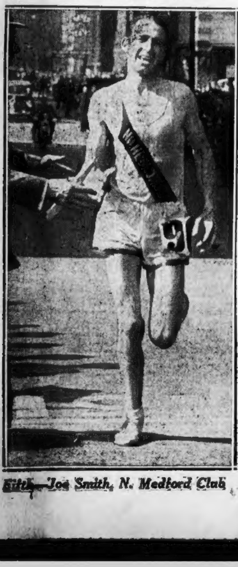


DRAWS AWAY. At Brighton, Leslie S. Pawson, Pawtucket, R. I., left, above, starts to draw away from John A. Kelly, Arlington, who paused for a drink. Pawson proved the ultimate victor. They were two minutes behind the record at this point in the 45th annual B. A. A. Marathon.

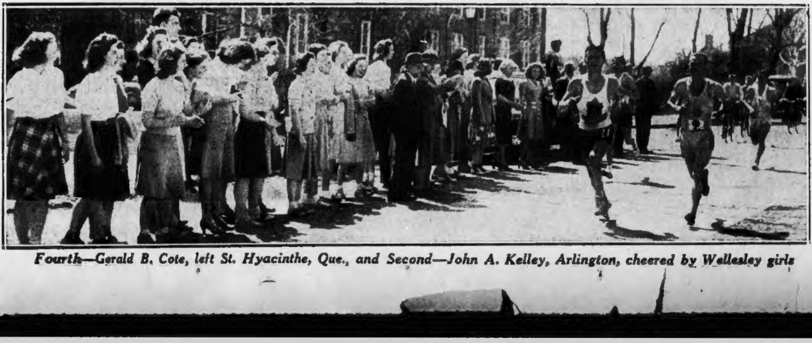
Sixth—F. A. McGlone, Roxbury



FINISH. George Petrakos, No. 139, of Lowell, collapsed as he crawled across the finish line at Exeter st., Back Bay, yesterday. He was quicckly revived. Gamely on the entire 25 miles, 285 yards. Petrakos refused to stop until he crossed the finish line.



Fifth—Joe Smith, N. Medford Club



Fourth—Gerald B. Cote, left St. Hyacinthe, Que., and Second—John A. Kelley, Arlington, cheered by Wellesley girls

Seventh—Andre J. Brunelle, N. Med.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

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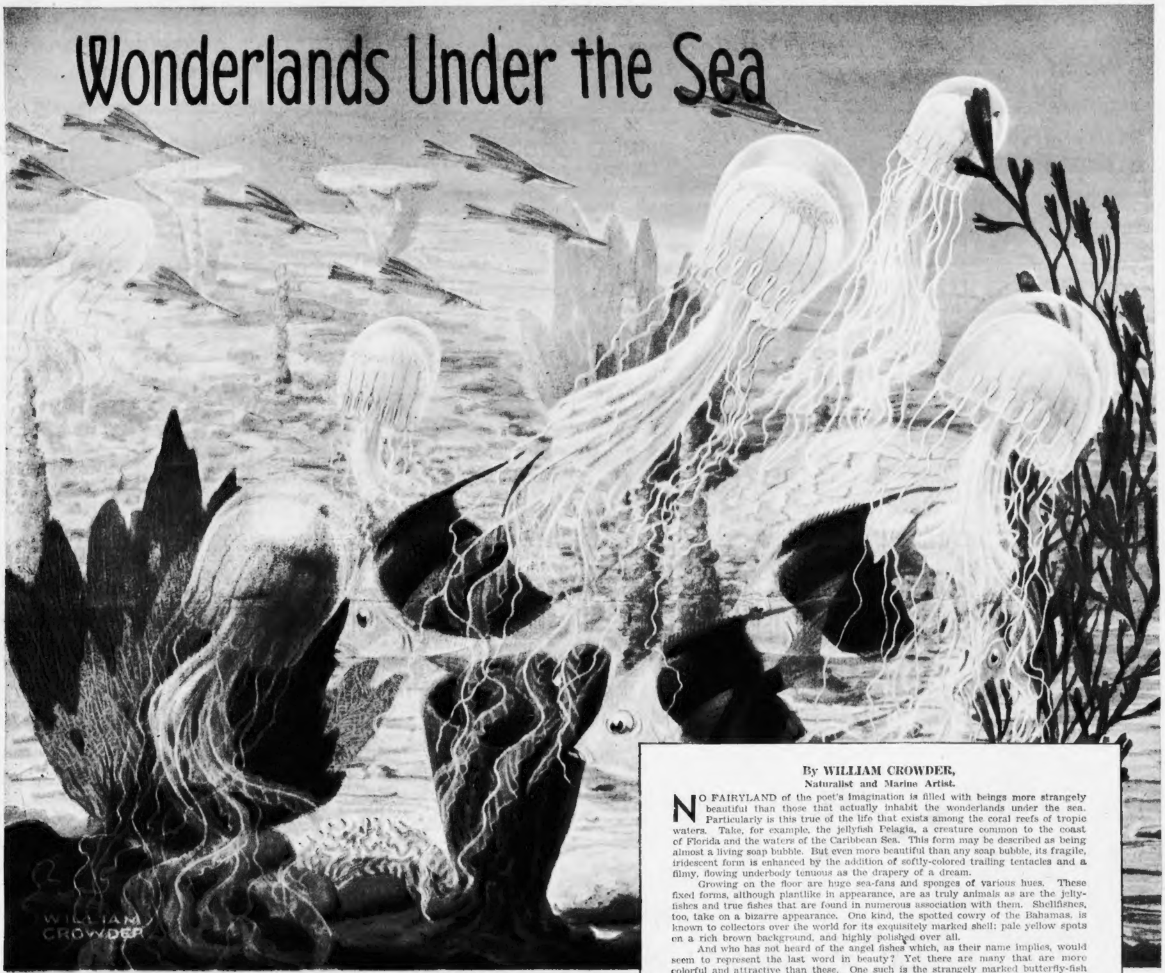
Week of April 20, 1941

Wonderlands Under the Sea



UNDERWATER SCENE ON A BAHAMA ISLAND REEF
Iridescent Jellyfishes Drifting Among the Coral Formations, Straining the Water With Their Long Tentacles for Small Swimming and Floating Organisms That Form Their Food. Growing on the Bottom Are Sea-Fans and Sponges.

By WILLIAM CROWDER,
Naturalist and Marine Artist.

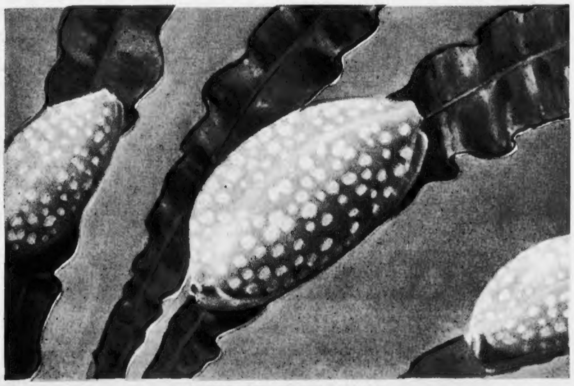
NO FAIRYLAND of the poet's imagination is filled with beings more strangely beautiful than those that actually inhabit the wonderlands under the sea. Particularly is this true of the life that exists among the coral reefs of tropic waters. Take, for example, the jellyfish Pelagia, a creature common to the coast of Florida and the waters of the Caribbean Sea. This form may be described as being almost a living soap bubble. But even more beautiful than any soap bubble, its fragile, iridescent form is enhanced by the addition of softly-colored trailing tentacles and a filmy, flowing underbody tenuous as the drapery of a dream.

Growing on the floor are huge sea-fans and sponges of various hues. These fixed forms, although plantlike in appearance, are as truly animals as are the jellyfishes and true fishes that are found in numerous association with them. Shellfishes, too, take on a bizarre appearance. One kind, the spotted cowry of the Bahamas, is known to collectors over the world for its exquisitely marked shell: pale yellow spots on a rich brown background, and highly polished over all.

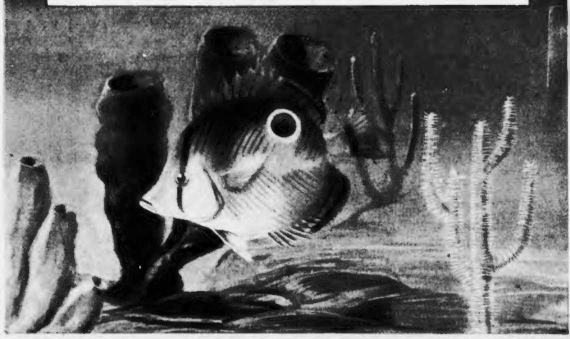
And who has not heard of the angel fishes which, as their name implies, would seem to represent the last word in beauty? Yet there are many that are more colorful and attractive than these. One such is the strangely marked butterfly-fish in the shore waters of the Virgin Islands and other islands of the West Indies. The distinguishing mark of this fish is a large round spot on the side that in a peculiar way is not unlike the pattern found on certain butterflies' wings.

One of the first questions that occurs to the observer of the often amazingly

(Continued on Page 19)



A SHELLFISH OF THE BAHAMAS
The Spotted Cowry Is Often Collected for Its Beautiful Highly Polished Shell Marked With Pale Yellow Spots on a Brownish Background.



COLORFUL LIFE IN THE CARIBBEAN
The Strangely Marked But Attractive Butterfly-Fish Found in the Shore Waters Near the Virgin Islands and Other Islands of the West Indies.

The New Island That Recently Rose Out of the Caspian Sea Is Only About 1,000 Feet Long and Has Jets of Gas Pouring From Its Steaming Crevices.

Islands That Mapmakers Can't Keep Up With

RISING up out of the Caspian Sea during a recent volcanic eruption, a new island now serves as a natural beacon for mariners. Following a steamer captain's discovery of the eruption, scientists of Baku, Russia, have investigated this new piece of territory and have just returned a report to the Soviet Government.

The island, as yet unnamed, is over 1,000 feet long and nearly as wide. The scientists found gas escaping from several crevices and ignited it to determine its composition. It has been constantly burning ever since, according to the report. Below the surface the heat was almost unbearable even at a depth of two feet.

One of the most perplexing mysteries of the sea is the island that appears or disappears. But islands do appear and disappear; they are discovered and then lost again. Returning sailormen tell stories of delightful days spent in places unrecorded on the map and pirates are supposed to have tucked away part of their treasure on islands that have subsequently vanished from the sea.

The captain of a tramp vessel, that put in on the Pacific side of Mexico recently, told of the strange discovery he had made when his ship was driven far off its course by a tropic storm.

He sighted an island not recorded on any charts. After taking a boat ashore, the seamen returned and said that no one lived there, although there were many bungalows and much evidence that at one time the island had been inhabited. The captain himself then went ashore, and discovered that the island had undoubtedly been swept by a scourge which had wiped out every living creature. There were numerous huts, showing that at one time the place had been thickly populated, but no living person could be found.

The former inhabitants had died in such numbers that they had not been buried, and their skeletons were lying about wherever the people happened to be when death struck them down. In one hut were the remains of 17 natives, while in many others skeletons were found in smaller groups. All the bones were decomposed, indicating that death had occurred a long time before.

The story was at first discredited as there are no records of any other vessel having visited the place, but the mate had taken along his camera, and the skipper produced several snapshots to substantiate his story. But so far as is known the island and its ghostly population has never been rediscovered.

Many islands have this disappearing habit. There is Expedition Island, for example. Maps used to show this delightful bit of territory lying on the northwest coast of Australia, about 22 miles from the mainland. When it flourished in all its beauty, as it has since time out of memory, it was 13 miles long and about 2 miles wide.

The Swedish trader, Laemstrom, visited it early in the Spring of 1892, and the Dutch naturalists of the ship Thignig gathered rare botanical specimens and many hundred sets of birds' eggs two years later. But a ship was cruising in those parts not so long ago, when the first officer remarked that the island was no more.

The captain ordered soundings to be made, but all around only hundreds of fathoms of water were found. Finally, upon observing that there were no signs of breakers on the former site of the island, he ordered that they sail directly across where the island had been. Soundings were again taken, which showed that the island had sunk only 48 feet below the surface. It was one of the largest islands on the Australian coast, and its sudden subsidence is still a mystery.

The classic example of the island that disappears, however, is Torca, in the Indian Ocean, more than two centuries ago.

Up to June 4, 1693, the island was well populated, and in a high state of civilization. Early that morning the volcano, which had long been regarded as the outstanding menace of Torca, began to rumble ominously and throw out more fire and lava than usual.

The disturbance increased for several days, until at last the whole mountain ridge, which extended across the western portion of the island, appeared as a solid sheet of fire, gradually sinking into the earth. Four days later the entire ridge had disappeared, leaving an enormous lake of boiling lava in its place.

This fiery lake encroached gradually upon the valleys and cultivated sections of Torca, and quickly consumed the whole western area. Hislo, the largest town, was destroyed during the first days of the eruption, when hundreds of people fled in boats to Amboy and others to a village on the east coast.

On July 12, all that part of the island west of Caraca Creek — the only stream on Torca — had entirely disappeared and a restless lake of billowy flames rolled over what had, but a few weeks before, been fertile fields. On July 18, 1693, when it was apparent to the most stouthearted that the whole island was doomed, the remaining inhabitants were rescued by ships sent from Amboy.

They were none too soon. Before the vessels had sailed out of sight, a portion of land ten leagues in extent plunged into the flaming lake with a terrific noise. Ten days later the entire island of Torca had been devoured by the resistless element, which probably had been undermining it slowly for years.

Is A Fortune Kicking Around In Your Attic?

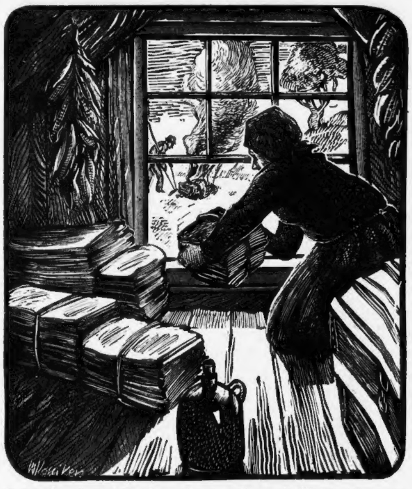
RIGHT here in America, year after year, literally millions of dollars worth of riches are destroyed or sold as junk. This occurs because the owners do not know what treasures are in their hands.

An untold number of American attics are literally so many gold mines. In just 20 such garrets "prospected" in the past two months, hoardings of "junk" worth from $25 to $2,500, have been found. It was all destined to be thrown away some day. But not now.

What kind of junk? Junk over which this land of ours has breathed the magic words "Americana" and "antique." Perhaps you have heard of magnificent collections of antiques being sold at but a fraction of their cost. That's because they aren't made up of "Americana." A chair made in America in 1780 is worth far more than a sword made in Paris in 1580. A book about Indian Captivities published at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1808, is worth more than most books printed in London in 1608 and even more than six pages from the Gutenburg Bible.

Out in Ohio last year, a man sold five loads of old newspapers at $2 a load. Four loads had already gone to the pulp mill when a rare book dealer discovered and paid $125 for the last load. He would have paid that price for every load. Those old Ohio newspapers were "Americana"...gold for the taking.

Up in New England a little farm house was sold. The man who bought it went into the garret and discovered almost a thousand valuable old pamphlets and papers. He locked the attic door and went into the village to arrange to have some people come over and clean the house. He returned in the midst of the cleaning, and found the garret door open. In a weak voice he asked, "What did you do with the stuff up there?" "Burned it," snapped an efficient New England housewife. "You paid us to clean this place and we are cleaning it." They cleaned it out of $5,000 worth of valuable pamphlets and papers, thereby destroying more gold than the purchase price of the farm itself.



In One New England Farmhouse Garret, a Woman Unwittingly Found, and Burned in a Bonfire, $5,000 of Early American Papers and Pamphlets — Worth More Than the Whole Farm.

In a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, garret two men were sorting over a lot of junk. A roll of papers was pulled from under the eaves. It was thickly coated with dust and grime. "Chuck that in the ash barrel," said the owner. "I'll give you a dime for it," said the other man. In that roll were 75 copies of an early broadside printing of Moore's famous poem, "The Night Before Christmas." Some of those sheets of paper have sold for $5 each. Some have sold at $50. The average has been $20 a copy. Fifteen hundred dollars for 10 cents. Is "Americana" a magic word?

A colored man hauling ashes was paid a quarter to take a barrel of junk to the city dump. He was a wise old boy who knew that sometimes junk was worth money. So he examined the barrel. He found it contained some old iron, two maps and a roll of six old pictures. He took the contents to a bookshop and sold the lot for $10. The bookseller looked over his "junk" and priced the maps at $5 each; the pictures at $3 each. The old iron, a pair of cast "Hessian" andirons, at $10. A customer who knew his "Americana" entered the store. He bought four of the pictures for $12. The next week he sat back in his library and winked to himself. He could well afford to. One copy of the pictures bought at $3 each had just been sold at auction for $147. It was the "Birthplace of Robert Fulton," printed in 1855.

How do you know you don't have a gold mine in your garret? Is that old oil bottle worth 2 cents, $2 or $200. It could be worth $2,000. In Western Pennsylvania, a dear old lady whose father had been a glass blower, sold a glass tray, with a creamer and sugar bowl, made by her father, for $5. Later that set of glassware was sold by a dealer for close to $1,000. The dear old soul who disposed of her father's handiwork had no idea that she was throwing away good gold.

This is a young country. An antique doesn't have to have a century of age behind it. Today a cast iron toy mechanical bank made in 1904 is worth as much as $75. It is "Americana" and just one of the many kinds of gold to be found in hundreds of thousands of American garrets.

Two boys were tossing a box lid in the air as a target for their BB guns. They had already punctured it once and battered the edges. "I'll give you a dollar for that if you can find the rest of the box, lads," said a lone spectator. "Gee, a whole buck, mister?" asked the lads. They found the rest of the box and were off to spend their dollar. The spectator carried his find to an antique shop and sold it for $35. Just an old painted "bride's box," junk from a garret, but worth an ounce of gold.

What should anyone do about all this? Start looking with new eyes at all junk. Take a second and a third look at all old papers, letters, catalogues, bottles, lace, carpets, glass, pewter, brass or whatever you find. Don't clean anything. Don't cut names off book pages or snip stamps off old letters. Don't throw away old letters, old pictures, old iron, old anything. Study it. Go to your local library and read about it. Ask the librarian to help you find books about American antiques. Look through antique magazines. Learn to respect an old cake mould, an old doll or even old valentines.

Catalogues issued by early American businesses are worth from 50 cents to $50. One, of weather vanes, issued in 1879, is worth $5 at least. Lots of old books are worth real money. Don't ask somebody to do your thinking for you. Study the subject on your own. Don't be content with a one time profit. Keep after the gold that is to be found in Americana that reposes in most old cellars and garrets.

Last week a woman found six rolls of wallpaper that had been stored in her home since 1870. She burned them. She burned 30 perfectly good dollars when she did it. Another woman found an old plaster rooster, a child's toy. She threw it in the junk box. The ashman who found it sold it for $5. Junk into gold...all because American history, as represented in the goods and chattels of yesterday, is desirable to collectors, museums and historic shrines.

It is a safe bet that these stories of unexpected wealth are going to be duplicated many times in the immediate future by smart hunters of "Americana."

Found—A Real-Life "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

VERY few tourists get to Yugoslavia these days and it is only now and then that one of these travelers catches a glimpse of a queer, mis-shapen figure who, for years, has been official bell-ringer in a church in the town of Gnjilane. His name is Mladen Dana and every foreigner who sees him is struck by the fact that he is the closest living counterpart of Victor Hugo's immortal and fictional "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

This twisted and ugly creature, according to Victor Hugo, spent his whole life playing caretaker to the great French cathedral. He was found on the steps of the church, an infant too inhuman in appearance for even a mother to love, and lived out his days among the evil gargoyles of the cathedral's towers or in its murky underground passage. His name was Quasimodo.

The Bell-ringer Has a Spare, Wasted Body and a Huge, Oddly Shaped Head.

Mladen Dana isn't the eerie figure that Quasimodo was, but he is far from pleasant to look upon. He has a spare, wasted body and a huge, oddly-shaped head. He has never been known to cover his deformed cranium with a hat or a cap. The whole purpose of his existence is to ring the bells of the church. How he manages the job is something of a mystery because he can't weigh much more than a hundred pounds. It it said that he shins apelike up the thick ropes in the bell tower and, somehow, makes the great bronze bells turn over.

The citizens of Gnjilane, unlike the people of Paris in the days of Quasimodo, are not afraid of their "Quasimodo." They look upon him as something of a saint and a wise man. He has a reputation for being able to settle disputes with Solomon-like judgment. The judges in Gnjilane have admitted more than once that the bellringer with the big head is much smarter than they are when it comes to smoothing out domestic quarrels and squabbles between neighboring families.

The Yugoslavian bell-ringer sleeps somewhere inside the great church. Even the worshipers who go there daily do not know where. If the officials of the church know, they do not talk about it.

For years the bells of the church have always been rung on time and skilfully. Mladen Dana is almost a musician on the great metallic voices of the church. As soon as the bell ringing is over he seems to disappear like a wraith until his duties again call him to the stout ropes in the belltower.

When the Rats Saw the Tide Coming in, They Saved Themselves From Drowning by Gnawing Off the Legs and Tails Caught in the Grip of the Clamshells.

Why Maine Has Hundreds Of 3-Legged Rats

JACK WOODLE, a clam digger from the new Meadows River region of Casco Bay, Maine, has just solved a long standing mystery. For more than three years fishermen have wondered why there seemed to be a tribe of three-legged, bobbed-tailed rats in Upper Quohog Bay near Middle Island off The Branches. And now it looks as if Mr. Woodle has the answer.

There is nothing surprising in swarms of rats around the clam flats. Wherever fishermen have their bait houses, leave fish cleanings or stray clams and quohogs lying around, the rodents are sure to congregate because they love fish.

But why should these particular rats have mutilated legs and tails? And why should so many drowned rats be found floating around this comparatively inconspicuous islet? No wonder clammers have long speculated as to what marine Black Hand agencies were responsible for such deaths and disfigurements.

Recently the mystery was solved and this is the odd story Jack Woodle recently told to an interested group at the M. J. Flaherty Fish Shop in Portland where he sold two bushels of clams he had dug:

"I'd piled my baskets of clams and quohogs in my dory," he explained, "and rowed out into the channel where I'd left my motor boat. I looked to see if I was going to get home in time for supper when, gosh, my watch was gone.

"Didn't have no particular money value but my old Dad had carried it and naturally I set some store by it. Come to me that I must have dropped it back there on the flats when I was digging. I put about quick and rowed back. It was my day all right for I picked up the watch just where I had hoped it might be.

"As I was mentally patting myself on the back I heard a lot of sharp squeals and they sent shivers down my spine. It was growing dark and I had lighted a lantern I carried in my boat. Holding it over my head I walked toward the flats and what a sight I saw.

"Half a dozen big rats and they was in a peck of trouble. They tried to run when I drew close, yelling their heads off all the time. They wouldn't get more than a foot or two, staggering like they was plumb lit, when they'd fall down. Something was holding them back.

"I stepped nearer and then I knew I'd solved the Quohog Bay mystery. Hope to eat a dogfish if every one of them rats wasn't anchored by the foot or tail to either a big clam or a quohog. Then I knew why we found so many drowned rats. The bivalves simply held on until the tide washed over them and settled the rats' hash. But how about the tailless and legless rats?

"Pretty quick the tide came lapping up the flats. I was standing in an inch of water when the rats must have smelt the approach of doom. All of a sudden they stopped squalling and every one of them critters deliberately gnawed off its foot or tail that was held firm in that natural rat-trap.

"Soon as they got free they made tracks away from the flats to the shores of Middle Island. I used to be a guide up in the North Woods and it all came clear to me in a minute. All members of the rat family will turn that same trick. Catch a muskrat or a beaver's foot in a trap and it'll just sit down and chew it off every time rather than be held prisoner. That's why trappers make water-sets so as to drown their game before they get a chance to gnaw clear.

"The clammers around Quohog Bay, in turning over the flats, naturally overlook a lot of live clams and quohogs. Well, sir, you toss a live clam or quohog on the flat and he'll stay there until the next tide washes over him before he'll dig in again. And most of the time he'll have his shell open.

"Now I figure these rats running around hunting for food on the flats just accidentally step on some open shell or drag their tails across one. Bingo! A clam or quohog can slam his front door quicker than lightning, and Mr. Rat's a prisoner. For awhile he'll squeal and try to drag the clam with him.

"But the Quohog Bay clam is big and hefty, the flats are rough where they've been turned over so much and the rats soon get tired. They quit trying to run and set up a squealing. Folks say 'dumb as a clam' but let me tell you those Quohog Bay clams are anything but dumb. They keep their mouths shut same's a bulldog will go to sleep with a foe's paw in his jaws. Once the sea covers the clam, he can get a foothold and dig in. Mr. Rat is done then. He just drowns or gnaws off his foot or tail. I figure some have the nerve and some haven't. That explains the cripples and corpses."

Asked why similarly mutilated rats were not found on other clam flats Woodle explained that Quohog Bay is easy for the rats to get to from the mainland and as the big quohogs seem to lie almost on top of the mud or clay, the diggers leave a lot more lying around than they would where they had to dig deeper and harder. The rats have learned this and so they make it their favorite feeding ground — with disastrous results.

Portland fish dealers feel that Woodle's explanation is correct. Several of them cite instances where big wharf rats have been caught and held while scampering across baskets of live clams left on fish house floors overnight.

Poor Little Girls the Romantic Slickers Tried to Fool

When It Came to Being Taken In By a Smooth Line of Talk, Simple Country Maidens Used to Have a Monopoly—But Six Court Cases Show They Are Now Meeting Stiff Competition From Their Sophisticated (But Sorry) City Sisters

This Is the Way It Used to Be—But Slickers Today Seem to Be Keeping to the City, Possibly Because Farmers' Daughters Have Developed Too Much Sales Resistance.

ONE AFTER another, six disillusioned ladies have recently come into court with sad stories of deception at the hands of romantic slickers.

The picture called up is a familiar one: a simple country maiden, swinging on a farmhouse gate while she listens wide-eyed to the sweet nothings whispered into her ear by a gentleman in store clothes, a sparkler in his necktie.

That picture and its various possible sequels, all doleful, has become so much a part of the American tradition that the word, deception, almost automatically suggests it.

Unfortunately, however, it gives about as good an idea of what happened in the cases mentioned above as the gasoline buggy of the early 1900's gives of the modern streamlined car. None of these recently deceived damsels is a simple country maiden. All but two belong to the inner circle of Broadway sophisticates and the others, though not in show business, would seem to have had plenty of chance to acquire worldly wisdom, for they move about in the upper reaches of New York society.

Probably the only swinging any of them indulge in is not on a farmhouse gate but on night club dance floors.

Taken together, they give such a formidable impression of knowing their way around that you would think that it would never even enter the head of the average man to try to sell them goldbricks. Yet of the six, five have received formal credentials from the court that they were tricked into marriage by a smooth line of talk, and the sixth, while matrimonially unscathed, at least convinced the authorities that her grievances against a certain gentleman were worth the expense of a trial.

In this last case, promises of citizenship and easy divorce were the sweet nothings which allegedly turned the trick. John A. O'Connor, unemployed at the moment but formerly a clerk in the Government alien registration service, is charged with whispering them into the fair ears of Catherine Conrad, now singing in the Broadway hit, "Lady in the Dark."

Catherine, who was born in Canada and whose real name is Erika Zoranova, made her charges a little while ago before United States Commissioner Edward Donovan in the Boston Federal Court.

She met John, she testified, last December when she called to register under the Alien Registration Act. After performing this service for her, he seemed most anxious, she said, to help her along the road to citizenship, even going so far as to call at her hotel next day with the necessary naturalization blanks.

They went out to luncheon and, according to her, John in the course of the meal gave an impressive, three-ply description of himself as 1) connected with a big Washington law firm, 2) a close friend of the President (for the time being in Boston to close the alien registration office), and 3) an employe of the Department of Justice.

In this last aspect, she said, he produced a badge and a card bearing the words: "U. S. Department of Immigration." He told her to get a couple of photographs of herself and then, she declared, without further ceremony swore her in as a citizen of the United States—right over the luncheon table. This struck her as a little on the informal side but did not really bother her until later.

More luncheons followed—about 20 in all—and the conversation moved gradually from citizenship to more intimate matters. According to Catherine, John gallantly offered to use his influence to help her get a divorce from a man named Nelson, whom she had married seven years before and from whom she had never quite got around to freeing herself, legally.

John's testimony on this point was: "She was in love with me and I with her. We talked about mutual divorces."

He added that at a subsequent meeting he told her it would be unwise for him to get a divorce because he had no grounds and was out of work.

"She became angry at this," he said, "kicked me in the shins, struck me with a suitcase rack, dug her nails into me and fought me."

On the night the show closed its Boston run, preparatory to opening in New York, they went to a night club for farewell champagne cocktails. And here again, Catherine asserted, John mentioned that he was with the Department of Justice, this time to awe the waiter and get a check cashed.

She said he followed her to New York and precipitated an unpleasant incident when she went to his hotel room with the two photographs he had requested. He barred the door of the room, she declared, and became so "rude" that she was forced to make a break for it, giving him the slip finally in a taxicab.

O'Connor gave a different version of this little brush, saying that it was then that he told her that he was unwilling to seek to divorce his wife.

"No man is going to dump me," he quoted her as saying and went on to describe the exit from the hotel as that of a vexed and temperamental actress, with himself apologizing and trying his best to pour oil on the troubled waters, in her wake.

Government prosecutors were first moved to inquire into the case at the instance of John's indignant wife, Doris, who testified to finding two love letters in his topcoat. She claimed the handwriting was the same as a sample shown in court of Catherine's writing. While she could not recall the exact contents of the letters, she said she remembered one excerpt:

"I am growing impatient. Why haven't you come to New York?"

This was enough for Doris.

John entered a formal denial of the posing charges but admitted that he had followed Catherine to New York and that she had greeted him by throwing her arms around his neck. This occurred, presumably, before she hit him with the suitcase rack if she did hit him with the suitcase rack. In any case, he was placed in jail because he was unable to raise the $500 bail, required for his release pending action by the Federal Grand Jury.

Opening in the latest edition of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York a short time ago, raven-haired Ruth von Ernst, one of the prettiest show girls on Broadway, found herself called on to appear three times: as a glamour girl in a skit called "The Birth of Glamour," as a siren in "The Birth of Sex," and finally, wearing a mask modelled on the famous physiognomy of Gloria Swanson, in a parade of movie stars.

These three roles were rather ironic, considering the role which Ruth had been playing in real life and which came to an end the other day when she received an annulment of her marriage to Arthur von Ernst. This marriage, a civil ceremony in Hohokus, N. J., smacked strongly of hohokus-pokus.

Arthur, she claimed, represented himself as a German baron and wooed her with promises of an ancestral castle on the Rhine and junkets among the junkers. His words symbolized the birth of both glamour and sex to Ruth, who was only 18 at the time, and, as a result, she let herself be sirened into the only junket they ever went on—the one to Hohokus—by a man who resembled someone he wasn't as much as she herself does today, while playing Gloria Swanson.

"I discovered that he had lied to me," she testified. "This was about a month after we eloped. I learned that he was not a member of the nobility but that he was working as a shoe-salesman."

"Did he attempt to explain the deception?" asked her lawyer, Theodore Alexander Bardy.

"Yes, he said he lied to me because he was very much in love with me."

Had this remark been made before official New York Referee John P. Cohalan, famed for his pungent judgments, Ruth might have been in for some hard sledding. As it was, the more sentimental aspects of her relationship with the fake baron were not explored and she got her annulment in jig-time.

Adele Conley, 26-year-old society girl, who married a man under the impression that he had $5,000 in the bank and was sports editor of an Ossining, N. Y., newspaper—only to find that he was broke and an office boy to boot—was not so lucky. Her case came up before Cohalan.

"Wasn't love the real reason you married him?" demanded the referee.

Adele replied that it was.

"Then why do you say you wouldn't have married him if you had known he didn't have a job and the $5,000? You married him for money."

Adele broke in with: "That wasn't everything. It was because he lied about those things."

"The misrepresentation," went on the referee inexorably, "was purely a financial one. Marriage becomes a joke if a man's proud boasts to his fiancee during their courtship subsequently become grounds for an annulment. What man is there who doesn't exaggerate a little under love's spell?"

A week later, however, he had apparently soured on the tender passion, for he recommended the annulment, which Adele has now secured.

With Mrs. Agnes Shea the "exaggeration under love's spell" took place after marriage, instead of before, and the love, she said, wasn't for her. Her husband, Philip J. Shea, was, as she believed, a wealthy Portchester, N. Y., electrical engineer; there was no exaggeration in that. The exaggeration came when he also tried to get her to believe that he was a police department undercover man.

Beginning after their marriage in 1937, this masquerade, she testified, was designed to cover up his friendship with other women and explain his frequent photographing of beauties to whom he was paying attention. And she declared ruefully that it was so successful that he managed to make his home with one of his girl friends while she herself lived in lonely state nearby.

With the question of love more or less a side issue in this case, Mrs. Shea easily secured the separation she wanted.

When Spring came around in 1939, Helen Greenleaf Patterson, former musical comedy star, carolled as blithely as the birds. She had just got married for the third time, and so sure was she that in John Maynard Huppman, supposedly a prosperous salesman, she had at last found the right man, that she told everyone she had never really been happy before.

Not many weeks later, she began to suspect that she had been over-optimistic.

"There wasn't any money at all for our household," she testified in her recent successful annulment trial. Finally, I called up the place where John said he was employed and they said they had no one by the name of Huppman on the payroll.

"That night when I told him what I had found out, he said that actually he was employed by a concern selling charged water to night clubs and that some weeks he earned nothing and some weeks his commissions were $25. He said he had bragged about his income because he felt sure I had enough to support the two of us."

And finally, there is Betty Allen, beautiful musical comedy headliner, who obtained an annulment from one Gus Bivona on the ground that he wasn't heir apparent of a chain of meat stores but just a butcher's boy.

Moreover, said Betty, whose suit was not contested since Gus had to stay at work and slice bologna for the customers, he refused to cap their civil ceremony with a religious one, as he had agreed to do, and his promise of a pretty home in Westchester had been as empty as the overcoat of an unmade weinie.

So, all in all, Betty decided that her favorite song was not: Oh, Ma-Ma, the Butcher Boy for Me."

The court saw her point and joined with her loudly in not singing it.

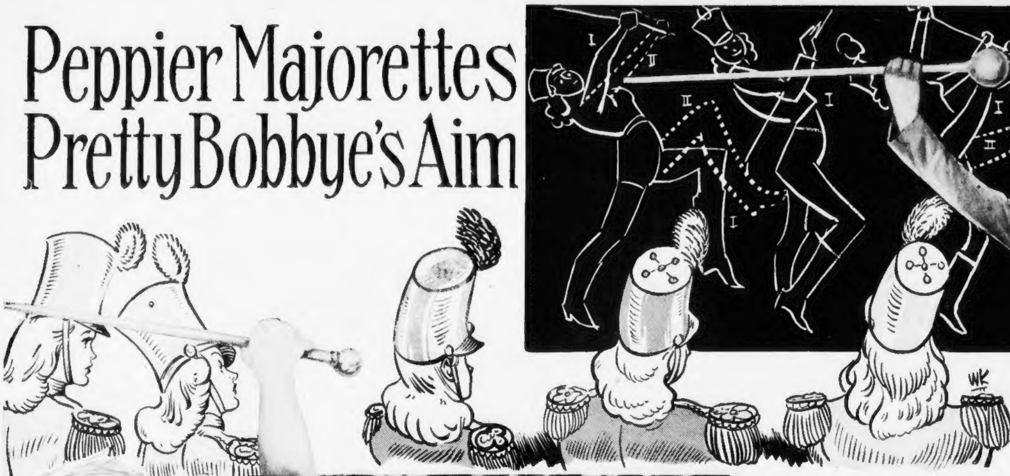
Ruth von Ernst, Who Claims She Was Hokus-Pokused in Hohokus. Above Is Philip J. Shea Who Was Uncovered as Not an Undercover Man.

Catherine Conrad, Now Playing in "Lady in the Dark," Said She Was Kept Very Much in the Dark by the Gentleman Who Took Her Fingerprints.

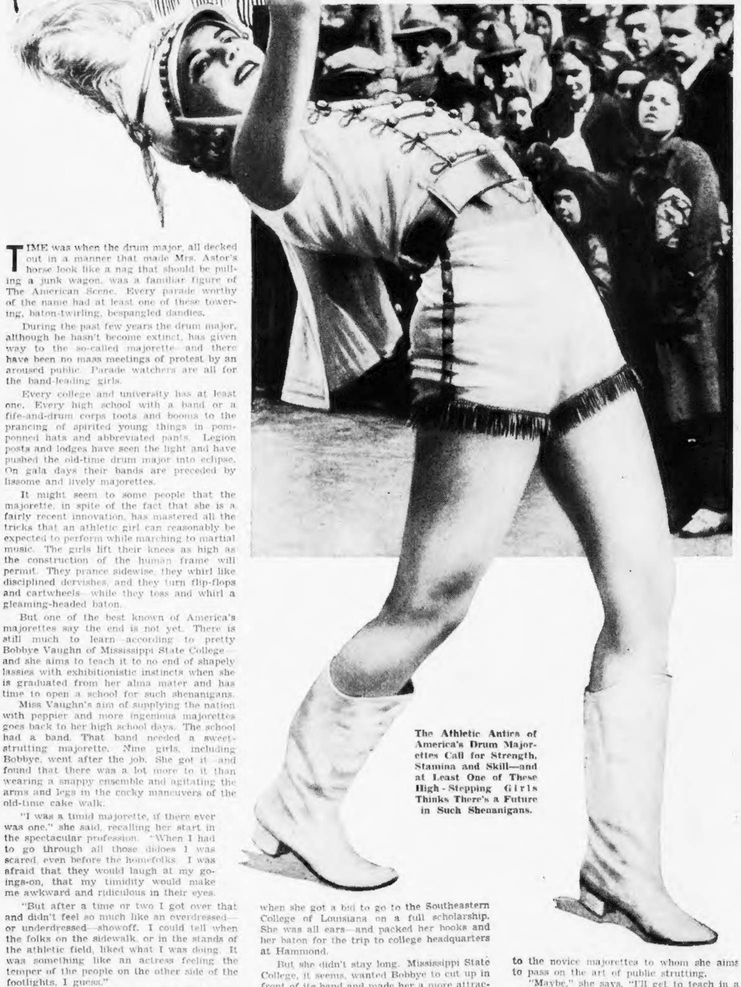
Betty Allen, Broadway Headliner, Who Thought She Was Marrying the Heir to a Meat Store Chain But Found He Was Only a Butcher's Boy.

Helen Patterson Huppman, Former Musical Comedy Star, Whose Husband Looked Like Vintage Champagne to Her But Turned Out to Be a Charged Water Salesman.

Peppier Majorettes Pretty Bobbye's Aim



Bobbye Vaughn, One of America's Snappiest Strutters, Isn't Going to Stop Strutting When She Gets Out of College—She's Going to Teach Her Tricks to Others.


The Athletic Antics of America's Drum Majorettes Call for Strength, Stamina and Skill—and at Least One of These High-Stepping Girls Thinks There's a Future in Such Shenanigans.

She Knows That There Are Hundreds of Baton-Twirling Strutters in the Country—But This Ambitious Mississippi Miss Plans to Open a School to Teach a Lot of New Tricks to Pretty Girls Who Aspire to Lead the Band

TIME was when the drum major, all decked out in a manner that made Mrs. Astor's horse look like a nag that should be pulling a junk wagon, was a familiar figure of The American Scene. Every parade worthy of the name had at least one of these towering, baton-twirling, bespangled dandies.

During the past few years the drum major, although he hasn't become extinct, has given way to the so-called majorette—and there have been no mass meetings of protest by an aroused public. Parade watchers are all for the band-leading girls.

Every college and university has at least one. Every high school with a band or a fife-and-drum corps toots and booms to the prancing of spirited young things in pom-ponned hats and abbreviated pants. Legion posts and lodges have seen the light and have pushed the old-time drum major into eclipse. On gala days their bands are preceded by lissome and lively majorettes.

It might seem to some people that the majorette, in spite of the fact that she is a fairly recent innovation, has mastered all the tricks that an athletic girl can reasonably be expected to perform while marching to martial music. The girls lift their knees as high as the construction of the human frame will permit. They prance sidewise, they whirl like disciplined dervishes, and they turn flip-flops and cartwheels—while they toss and whirl a gleaming-headed baton.

But one of the best known of America's majorettes say the end is not yet. There is still much to learn—according to pretty Bobbye Vaughn of Mississippi State College—and she aims to teach it to no end of shapely lassies with exhibitionistic instincts when she is graduated from her alma mater and has time to open a school for such shenanigans.

Miss Vaughn's aim of supplying the nation with peppier and more ingenious majorettes goes back to her high school days. The school had a band. That band needed a sweet-strutting majorette. Nine girls, including Bobbye, went after the job. She got it—and found that there was a lot more to it than wearing a snappy ensemble and agitating the arms and legs in the cocky maneuvers of the old-time cake walk.

"I was a timid majorette, if there ever was one," she said, recalling her start in the spectacular profession. "When I had to go through all those didoes I was scared, even before the homefolks. I was afraid that they would laugh at my goings-on, that my timidity would make me awkward and ridiculous in their eyes.

"But after a time or two I got over that and didn't feel so much like an overdressed—or underdressed—showoff. I could tell when the folks on the sidewalk, or in the stands of the athletic field, liked what I was doing. It was something like an actress feeling the temper of the people on the other side of the footlights, I guess."

In her neck of the woods Bobbye became something of a celebrity. The crowd turned out as much to watch her as they did to see the boys play football or baseball. Her neighbors thought she was the gol-durndest, pertest majorette in the country. And there must have been some substance to their opinion because, after she had pranced up and down the field at a contest of high school bands from all over the State of Mississippi, one of the judges asked her:

"How would you like to lead a college band after you leave high school?"

That, says Bobbye, was when she began to get the notion that there might be some future in majoretting. So she gave the matter some serious thought and said in effect, "why not?"

The notion was excitingly strengthened when she got a bid to go to the Southeastern College of Louisiana on a full scholarship. She was all ears—and packed her books and her baton for the trip to college headquarters at Hammond.

But she didn't stay long. Mississippi State College, it seems, wanted Bobbye to cut up in front of its band and made her a more attractive offer of scholarship. Miss Vaughn's Uncle Bobbye—for whom she was named—had gone to good old Mississippi State, and thought that was the campus for his niece to do her stuff on. And anyway the popular majorette much preferred getting a sheepskin from an institution of learning in her native State. So she moved her books, and her baton, from the halls of Old Southeastern to the verdant campus of Mississippi State.

She's a sophomore there now—and the leader of the band. She used to spend her time between parades in the School of Business and Industry. Recently—since she got the inspiration to cash in further on her talents as a majorette—she shifted to the School of Education. She's majoring in English and social studies, feeling that this, somehow, will equip her better to play schoolma'am to the novice majorettes to whom she aims to pass on the art of public strutting.

"Maybe," she says, "I'll get to teach in a good school—and drill majorettes on the side, and maybe I can make a full-time job of teaching others all the tricks of leading a band and, literally, giving the public a kick. What's to keep me from opening a school for majorettes in my home town, which is Magnolia?"

Bobbye is as honest as she is ambitious. She admits that there are majorettes in the country who can flip a baton better than she can.

"I'm not so hot as a twirler," she confesses, "but that's only part of the game and, if I do say so, I think I can hold my own with any other band-leading girl in the country.

If this isn't a fact, how come she stole the show at Miami's Orange Bowl football game in Miami last New Year's Day? And stomped her way to loud applause in American Legion parades in Chicago and Los Angeles? And got her name and her picture in the paper in twenty States where she has demonstrated her special brand of majoretting?

"I work up a lot of routines and rehearse them," she says, "but I find that majoretting is very much like being a dancer—an interpretative dancer. I get the feeling of the crowd and try to express their impulses and emotions in the maneuvers I go in for, while marching and leading the band."

Bobbye, besides wanting to provide the American public with a peppier crop of majorettes, has another distinction—she turned down a chance to get in the movies and she isn't sorry.

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned," she says, "but, somehow, the glamor of a Hollywood career never appealed to me. Anyhow, I'm not sure I could make the grade."

Carries the Solar System In His Pocket

THERE is a man today who has made a replica of the entire universe on a scale of 1 to 2,851,200,000,000. In other words, his little universe is constructed on a scale of one inch for every 45,000,000 miles, which brings the distance from the sun to the earth down to a mere two-inch flea-hop.

The gentleman who created a universe that he can hold in his hand is Aaron Liss of Philadelphia. He got interested in small things when he read about a man who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the back of a postage stamp. Liss decided to try his hand on small things and began by writing the whole history of King Solomon, ten chapters from the Book of Kings, on a postcard. And he proudly showed how he had placed no less than 13.090 Hebrew characters on the postcard.

Liss, who was born in Proskorow in the Russian Ukraine, was schooled only through the fourth grade. But he was always interested in learned things, and after he had finished the story of King Solomon, he set to work on the "smallest book in Philadelphia." This was an 80-page volume bound in leather, with the first three chapters of Genesis written on pages only three-sixteenths of an inch square.

After his triumph with this "smallest," Liss decided to make the "smallest mezuzah in the world." A "mezuzah" is a scroll on which is written the traditional Hebrew incription: Deuteronomy vi, 4 to 9, and xi, 13 to 21. Liss got this on a piece of parchment only one-half inch wide by three-quarters of an inch long.

Liss never uses a microscope for his work. He does it all with the naked eye, and an ordinary pen, filed down. He does not wear glasses.

Liss makes these "smallests" only as a hobby. During the day he works in a factory at a sewing machine, making women's dresses. But at night he is an amateur astronomer as well as a member of the Amateur Telescope-Makers' Club of the Franklin Institute.

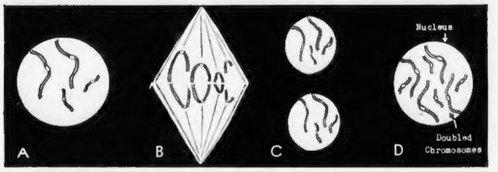
The Philadelphia Expert in Incredibly Fine Work Is Tackling the Solar System on the Unimaginable Scale of 2,851,200,000,000 to One. He Can Hold His Model of Our Universe in His Hand.

It was on a cloudy night that the idea of making the baby solar system occurred to him. He managed to perfect a pocket universe, in which the sun itself is a marble, and the planets are crystals of varied sizes—each made to scale — surrounding the sun. Each planet in its own turn is surrounded by tiny pearls that represent the moons. Each moon is kept in proper position by slender copper wires. For Saturn's rings, Liss used a steel washer.

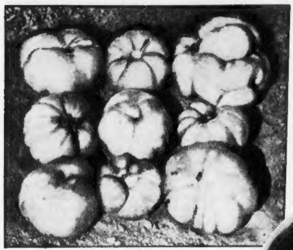
Nor can Liss be caught on the question of accuracy. There are 11 moons in his pocket planetarium around Jupiter, including two recently discovered. Besides, every distance between planets is accurately scaled to the thirty-secondth of an inch.

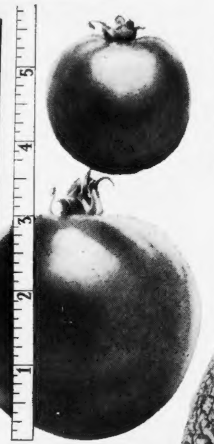
Science Speeding Up Evolution to Grow Finer Foods for Us

Astonishing Short Cuts That Bridge Years of Growth, Remove Wrinkles From Tomatoes, Straighten Out Cucumbers and Give Beauty Treatment and More Vitamins to Most Garden Products—All Because a Drug Stops Plant Cells From Dividing—And Maybe Cattle and Fowl Will Be Next



These Diagrams Show How the Drug Colchicine Helps Scientists Speed Plant Evolution. (A) A Plant Cell With Its Chromosomes, the Bearers of Heredity. (B) Contents of Plant Cell Dividing. When Complete Division Occurs (C) Two New and Identical Cells Will Be Formed. In the New Short Cut to Evolution Colchicine Allows the Chromosomes to Divide as Usual But Stops the Cell Division. Therefore Each Cell Gets Double the Usual Number of Chromosomes as Shown in (D).

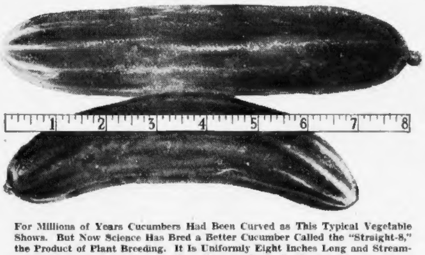




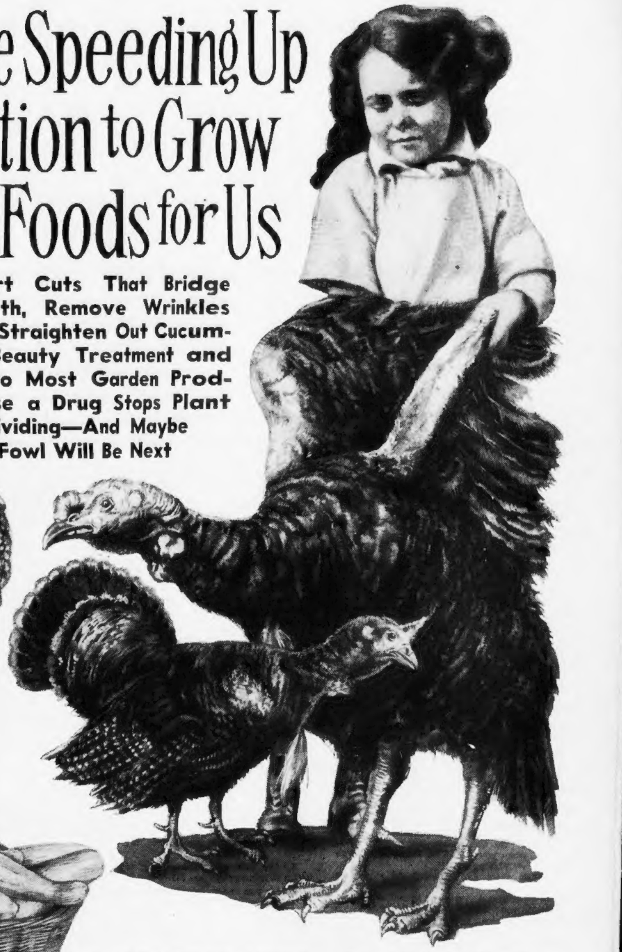
Under the New Breeding Technique, the Rough Wrinkled Surface of the Tomato Is Eliminated, as Shown by the Comparisons Above. The New Varieties Require Less Peeling to Get Rid of the Dirt That Creeps Down Into the Wrinkled Grooves. By a Freak of Planned Evolution Has Come the New Marglobe Tomato; Large and Smooth-Skinned. At the Upper Right Is the "Eve" of the New Variety, a Little Hybrid Freak of the Tomato World. This Hybrid Had Only Half the Usual Number of Chromosomes Needed to Determine Heredity. The Large Tomato Is the "Offspring" of the Little Tomato—a Juicy Giant Whose Chromosome Number Has Been Doubled.

By the Use of Colchicine, Plant Scientists Now Create Double-Sized Flowers and Many Other Plants. The Huge Marigold Is Shown With Its Normal-Sized Parent. The Same Trick Can Be Applied to Vegetables Where the Flower Part Is Eaten.

The Common Garden Variety of Squash, Widely Grown, Which Has a Curved Neck, Many Wrinkles and Lots of Rough Warty Spots on It. It Tastes All Right But Is Hard to Peel. And in the Peeling Much Is Wasted. In Contrast to Ordinary Squash Is the New "Straight-Necked" Variety Whose Smooth Skin Is Without a Wrinkle and Whose Neck Is No Longer Curved.



For Millions of Years Cucumbers Had Been Curved as This Typical Vegetable Shows. But Now Science Has Bred a Better Cucumber Called the "Straight-8," the Product of Plant Breeding. It Is Uniformly Eight Inches Long and Streamlined. Growers Like This New Type Because It Packs More to the Box With Less Waste Space.



When and If Scientists Can *Apply* to Fowl and Animals the Knowledge They Already Have for Plants, Huge, Double-Sized Turkeys—Like That Shown *Above* and Compared With a Present *Day* Turkey—May Some Day Be Commonplace.

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor, The American Weekly.

BY THE magic of rare chemical poisons, by "birth control" experiments with the most vigorous and desirable plant "parents," and by "contagious wards" for vegetables where deadly diseases of the plant world are carefully studied under quarantine conditions, the nation is now getting finer and juicier vegetables that have more vitamins, taste better, ship better, keep better and are so streamlined they make the table vegetables of 40 years ago as outmoded as a 1910 automobile.

Science has discovered a short cut to Nature, a means of speeding plant evolution a thousand fold. By new chemical methods vegetables and rare fruits may soon grace your table which would not have been on the tables of people even in A. D. 2941 if Nature had been left to her own devices to carry out her slow progress.

Such is the promise of the strange breed of scientists, the plant breeders who are now turning to practical uses the recent discoveries of cloistered scientific laboratories.

And always, because they are molding Nature to their ends, the plant breeders have the very real possibility of hitting the "jackpot" of all evolution, the discovery of some vastly valuable and important new hybrid kind of plant which will produce a crop rivalling wheat, oats, timothy, tobacco or cotton in world importance, for many of these useful plants arose from freak hybrids which are our heritage from the misty pages of the prehistoric past.

Hybrids, the rare crosses between existing varieties of plants and animals, are often the pioneers of evolution for it is from hybrids that new and different strains of plants and animals can develop.

But often, because Nature is so wasteful in its bounty, these "different" varieties are worthless; mere novelties of life comparable to the giants or the dwarfs and freaks of the side-show at the circus.

Yet, because the hybrids are pioneers, there is always the chance that some new and valuable plant will develop. This is the goal—the jackpot—in the gamble of evolution which plant breeders are now playing.

But a common trouble of interspecies hybrids in the plant world is that they frequently are sterile and will not propagate themselves. By new discoveries however it is now possible to add rare hybrids, that used to die out, to the list of living varieties of plants. Thus a wasted tragedy of Nature can now be overcome.

True, getting the freak hybrids in the first instance is still a matter of luck. But making these hybrids fertile is no longer luck. Some day some scientist is going to discover how to produce the hybrids at will and then science will hold evolution in the hollow of its hand.

In the meantime, while they are just now learning how to juggle plant heredity with chemicals, scientists have developed highly the art of selective breeding of superior plant varieties. Here is eugenics with a useful purpose.

Out of each year's crop the plant breeders select one or two plants which are the "perfect" specimens of their strain. The seeds from these plants are carefully saved to become the "Eves" of an improved variety.

The next year the offspring of these selected plants — the Cains and Abels if you will — are carefully cultivated. If they prove as superior as their parents were the year before they go into the plant "contagious wards" of the experiment farms, where they run the gamut of a whole host of plant diseases given to them by scientists. Only the survivors of this "ordeal of death" are judged fitted for the task of perpetuating their strain.

Finally comes the announcement that some new, highly-resistant variety of tomato, or cabbage, or string bean has been developed, and you can go to the store and buy its seed and reap the benefits of years of scientific plant breeding.

That is the kind of seed you can buy this year to plant in your garden. From such seed will come the vegetables you may be eating this Summer.

New gardeners this Spring will find their plants easier to grow than the plants back in the time of World War I. They are sturdier, look better and are more resistant to "bugs" and other plant infections. Best of all they give better yields than ever before.

In fact, due to plant breeding, some vegetables are now so prolific that they are ahead of the gardener!

This sounds impossible but Raymond Coulter, superintendent of plant breeding of the Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit, Mich., explains it like this:

"The yield from some plants, like the cucumber, used to be limited because the plant produced only a certain number of female blossoms. No matter how careful a gardener might be he could never get more than this number of fruit.

"The best gardener, of course, got the best fruit—bigger, firmer and more desirable—but the number was fixed. The slipshod, neglectful gardener could get the same number.

"By plant breeding we have now solved this 'tax,' if one can call it that, on the good gardener. You can now buy seed for cucumbers which produce large numbers of female blossoms; the blossoms from which the cucumbers come. The yield you get from these plants is limited only by your skill and cleverness. The good gardener is justly rewarded for his pains. The poor gardener is penalized for his neglect.

"This is only one instance of what plant breeding can do. There are countless others.

"Remember the beets of 5 or 10 years ago? How rings showed up when you cooked them and how their red color was spoiled by zones of pale pink or white? Without a sense of taste you might have thought you were eating some kind of a reddish onion. It took 10 years of plant breeding to get rid of those zones, but it has now been done.

"Then there is the Straight-8 cucumber, the prolific kind I was talking about. This new cucumber is uniformly 8 inches long and straight, not curved like the old-fashioned cucumber.

"This means more uniform slices for the housewife and money in her pocketbook too. No, don't laugh. It really does. Most cucumbers are shipped into your community. Part of the price you pay is for shipment. Where the straight cucumber saves money is that it packs more to the box. The curve in the old varieties took up a lot of waste space. Lower shipping costs mean stores can pass on this saving if they wish.

"The same kind of space-saving has now been bred into straight-neck squash.

"Moreover, plant breeding is aiding health by increased vitamin content," Mr. Coulter continued.

"Modern tomatoes, smooth and thin skinned and without wrinkles or depressions give us more vitamins. In the older varieties those wrinkles carried dirt and it was impossible to wash them all clean. As a result many housewives peeled tomatoes.

"What they didn't realize was that no matter how thinly they peeled them they were peeling off the Vitamin C content which was richest just under the skin in a layer of embryonic, fast-growing tissue.

"With the new tomatoes peeling is dying out. While it would be hard to show that the vitamin content of a tomato is greater than it used to be, we can say that the vitamins are now going into our mouths instead of the trash can."

Other new gains outlined by Mr. Coulter include more "meaty" green peppers and yellower carrots. In the latter this means more carotene, the parent material from which comes vitamin A. Here is another example of how the nutritional value of a vegetable is often improved by improving the color.

Out at the company's experimental farm at Rochester, Michigan, I talked with Gordon Morrison, plant geneticist, who knows plant heredity as the D.A.R.'s know the first families of the American Revolution.

What about this trick of short-cutting Nature, Mr. Morrison? What about this wonder drug colchicine that can turn sterile, freak hybrid plants into fertile strains?

"Most people think of colchicine as some super-powerful kind of a plant stimulant," he explained, "but it really is a plant poison. It does a queer thing. It temporarily stops the plant cells from dividing but it allows the inheritance factors inside the cells—the chromosomes—to multiply as they normally would.

"By this trick you can do a lot of strange things. You can take a normal plant or flower and double many of its normal inheritance factors. Since the number of chromosomes is doubled it may be twice as large as before. Or it may bear seed only every second year instead of each year.

"But where colchicine really helps is with the freak little sterile hybrids. Many of these are sterile because they have only half the number of chromosomes they ought to have. In tomatoes, for example, instead of having the usual chromosomes, the hybrid tomatoes may have only 12.

"If you treat such hybrids with colchicine you can double the number of chromosomes from 12 to 24 and wind up with a fertile, reproducing strain of tomatoes.

"It would seem that this technique could be applied as aptly to vegetables that are really flowers which we eat (cauliflower is one) as to true flowers like marigolds. Other possible applications would include broccoli and artichokes."

Just what the future holds for plant breeding is, of course, unknown for the work is really gambling with the odds all on the side of Nature.

Plant wizardry has created the seedless orange and the seedless grapefruit. Perhaps someday the boys will get around to developing a non-squirting variety.

There ought also to be a good market for onions without their odor but with their taste still left in. A couple of other things needed are stringless celery and blackberries that leave no stains. And the soldiers in the training camps have their own special request. They would like to see a skinless potato that requires no peeling.

Really Now—
How Honest ARE You?

If You Break Expensive Objets d'Art While Visiting in Other People's Houses and Secrete the Fragments Under the Sofa, Hoping No One Will Discover Your Awkwardness, You're Acting Dishonorably.

You're Not Really Honest If You Glance Slyly at Your Co-Workers' Pay Checks, Their Correspondence, Confidential Notes—and Bills.

By JUDITH T. CHASE,
Well-Known Quiz Expert.

JUST because you're not behind bars it doesn't mean you're honest. Most of us try to get away with anything from white lies to whoppers. And while we may be kidding ourselves, we aren't always fooling other people. Instead, we may be causing them to avoid us like a plague.

If these antics sound familiar to you, check up on yourself and see how honest YOU are. You may be impeccably honest, but then again there may be a surprise in store for you.

If you try this quiz you'll soon know. Do it by answering each question this way: 0—Never. 1—Well, hardly ever. 2—Occasionally. 3—Often. 4—Always. Then add up your total score and turn to Page 19 and look at the LIE DETECTOR.

Don't say you weren't warned!

It's Dishonest When You're Asked to Play the Piano, to Reply: "I Could, If I Had the Right Music," When You Can Hardly Play a Note.

About the House

1—Do you change the labels in your clothes to impress your friends that your $10 coat from a bargain basement cost $100 at the Ritz Shoppe?

2—These game tricks run in the best of families. Do you:
- "Forget" a stroke here and there when you're telling about your golf game?
- Call for 2 out of 3 when you lose a toss?
- Peek at the dictionary when you're doing cross-word puzzles?
- Say "we won't play for money;" then when you win, ask "How much were we playing for?"
- Let your gambling debts slip your mind?
- Peek under the cards in solitaire?

3—Do you give your spouse presents which you want yourself and will soon annex?

4—Do you ignore the doorbell when a creditor is on the doorstep?

5—When a Charity Drive asks for contributions do you lie that you've already contributed?

6—Do you keep your watch set 15 minutes ahead to fool yourself into being on time?

7—Are you a checkbook cheat, juggling the figures around to make it balance?

8—Do you just ignore bills, pushing them into the back of the drawer, feeling that if they're out of sight they're as good as paid?

9—When you add up your bank account do you conveniently forget all your unpaid bills?

10—Do you accept all free book-club trial offers, getting the gist out of the story, and then returning them?

11—When the dishes are nearly finished do you put in an appearance, pretending you thought they had just been started?

12—When a creditor starts heckling you for his bill, do you claim you didn't receive it?

13—Do you say "that movie's wonderful" when you haven't the slightest idea, but want to see it?

14—When you pay by check do you fool yourself into thinking that things don't cost as much?

15—Do you keep borrowed books?

16—Do you read other people's mail with the lame excuse "I opened it, thinking it was mine?"

17—When you're in the middle of a mystery story do you read the last chapter with "I KNEW it all the time?"

18—When someone digs up a horribly truthful picture of you do you say "That doesn't REALLY look like me?"

19—Do you say "I'll swear off smoking tomorrow," then chain smoke for the rest of the week?

20—When there are unpleasant household chores to be done, do you postpone them by making other things seem more urgent?

21—Do you sigh that if you had your life to live over again you would have been REALLY famous?

In Front of Company

1—In boasting about your car, do you:
- Add a few miles to the gallon?
- Add a few mph to the speed?
- Subtract a few years from its age?

2—Do you pretend you haven't a cent so no one will ask you for a loan?

3—Do you pretend you've never seen a friend before, when he or she commits a faux pas?

4—When someone calls attention to an old hole in your stocking or rip in your clothes do you pretend you're SO surprised and it must have just happened?

5—When someone compliments your new clothes do you:
- Say "Oh this old thing?"
- Pretend you hate it?
- Start criticizing it?
- Say "But you should see my GOOD clothes?"

6—Are you always bumming cigarettes with the excuse that you JUST ran out?

7—Do you exaggerate other people's ages to make yourself seem younger?

8—At the slightest controversy in a game, do you whip out your own self-made set of rules, to apply to the occasion?

9—In quoting your weight do you:
- Talk of it as it used to be before you got pleasingly plump?
- Lop off a few pounds for good measure?
- Blame it on the big meal you've just eaten?
- Subtract 10 pounds because you got weighed with your clothes on?

10—Do you give sugary compliments when you're edging around for a loan?

11—Do you gossip about people when you're not sure of what you're saying, and have probably got it mixed up?

12—Do you hold your audience awe-stricken about the time you were At Death's Door, when all you did was have your tonsils snatched out?

Every Family Has Its Peeker, Who Covertly Refers to the Dictionary When Engaged With a Cross-Word Puzzle.

13—Do you lop off hours of sleep you got, talking about the sleep you didn't get?

14—Do you quote book reviews, pretending that you've read all the best sellers?

15—Do you talk as though you know every celebrity intimately?

16—As long as there are no sport facilities in sight do you entertain people by telling them of your athletic prowess?

17—Are you a bargain-bragger, lopping off half their price when you talk of them?

18—Do you exaggerate the importance of your ancestors, claiming they:
- Came over on the Mayflower?
- Boasted crests and coronets?
- Had a million dollars which somehow disappeared?

19—When you're asked to play the piano do you:
- Say "I really can't play," when everybody knows you can?
- Say "I could if you had the right music," when you can hardly play a note?
- Slaughter a piece and excuse it by "I wish I had MY piano here?"

20—Do you take advantage of an opponent who "just can't keep the score" in a card game?

21—Do you brag about your capacity for liquor when it only takes two drinks to send you babbling through an interminable and incoherent autobiography?

22—Do you lose no opportunity to tell the world just what turn the war is going to take next, when as a matter of fact you'd be hard put to name the countries already gobbled up by Hitler and Stalin?

23—Do you brag about taking a cold shower every morning when the last one you took was during that heat wave last Summer?

24—Do you tell everybody you were practically raised in a saddle when you'd really have a tough time mounting a horse without the aid of two grooms and a derrick?

When You're Out

1—Do you lend your commuter's ticket around like a new detective story?

2—As an excuse to take a taxi do you convince yourself that:
- You're in more of a hurry than you really are?
- It's going to pour any minute?
- Your shoes hurt?
- The bus won't be along for hours?

3—When the conductor forgets to collect your fare do you "forget" to give it to him?

4—Do you crash through red traffic lights with the excuse "It'll be green by the time I'm halfway through?"

5—Do you walk past solicitors, creditors, beggars in the street pretending not to notice them?

6—Do you read through all the magazines on a newstand, then decide not to buy any of them?

7—When you smash objets d'art in other people's houses, do you secrete the pieces under the sofa, hoping no one will be the wiser?

8—Just because you spot a bargain do you convince yourself that you really need it?

9—When you get too much change do you pocket it and ignore it?

10—Do you run up long-distance phone calls in neighbors' houses and forget to pay for them?

11—Do you neglect to leave a tip, hoping the waiter will think it's under one of the plates?

12—Are you one of the reasons why hotels and restaurants go broke, walking off with:
- Knives and forks?
- Napkins?
- Towels?
- Pens and pencils?
- DO NOT DISTURB SIGNS?

13—No matter how many times your glass is filled up do you still consider it "one cocktail?"

14—Do you try to weigh the whole family with one penny by keeping your foot on the scales?

15—When the hatcheck girl turns to get your hat do you toss a nickle into the plate, hoping it will sound like a quarter?

16—Do you skim through the headlines and then pretend you've read everything in the paper?

17—When you buy something by making a $5 down payment do you try to kid yourself into believing that it is then paid for?

18—Are you reluctant about cracking a ten-dollar bill, yet lavish about spending smaller ones?

19—Do you ignore rips in your clothing, trying to make yourself believe that because you can't see them yourself nobody else will notice them?

For Women Only

1—Do you have dresses sent home on approval, wear them, then pack them up and return them the next day?

2—Do you cheat yourself on your diet by saying:
- "This isn't REALLY candy?"
- "Buttered toast isn't the same as putting it on myself?"
- "I've GOT to eat what's put in front of me. I can't be RUDE?"
- "One big meal won't hurt—I'll starve tomorrow and make up for it?"

3—Do you think of a $16.98 dress as costing only $16?

4—Do you sigh to yourself that if you'd ONLY married your First Love your life would have been "so different?"

5—Do you insist that you wear a size 14 dress when you have to take out the seams and practically make it over?

6—Do you kid yourself into thinking that after you get a new permanent wave you will be an entirely different person?

7—In housekeeping do you:
- Brush dust under the sofa and nonchalantly ignore it?
- Spend half the morning on the phone and listening to the radio, then complain that your work took so long?
- Leave the undersheets in the bed all mussed up and cover them neatly with the spread?

8—When you can't make up your mind about purchases in a store do you have them all sent COD then refuse to accept the ones you don't want, claiming there MUST have been a mistake?

9—When a model parades a dress in front of you do you picture yourself looking just as sleek as she does in it?

10—When you've been waiting five minutes at a counter do you raise the roof and claim you've been there 20?

11—Do you read into and between the lines when a beau is talking to you?

12—Do you collect free samples for which you know you have absolutely no use?

13—Do you mentally "spend" all the money you've won in a contest—even before the contest is over?

14—Do you:
- Lie about your age?
- Intimate your permanent wave is natural?
- Claim you made your dress when all you did was take up the hem?

15—Do you give up smoking then have an occasional cigarette which "doesn't count?"

16—Do you say "she's a nice sort of person" when what you infer is that she might barely pass in a crowd?

17—When everything else fails, do you feign illness to get your way?

18—Do you refer to someone as being "about OUR age," when speaking to an acquaintance who is at least ten years younger than you are?

19—Do you build up major catastrophes in your mind out of minor incidents?

For Men Only

1—Do you turn your expense account into a Swindle Sheet by:
- Staying at a cheap hotel and chalking up Ritz prices?
- Charging up a taxi fare when you walked?
- Listing a "business luncheon" when only two words were about business?
- Adding an item for "entertainment" when the one entertainment was a blonde?

2—Do you say you know the Senator well when actually you know a man who knew a man who spoke to him once?

3—Do you say "I'd like to meet Mr. Blank face to face and tell him what I think of him," then when you meet him come out with a "Er, er—glad to meet you, Mr. Blank?"

4—Do you exaggerate your youthful career as a Don Juan when the girls actually fled with a "psst, here comes John Smith?"

5—At a ball game do you boast "When I was younger you should see how I could wallop homers"—when you've played only a few times in your life?

6—Do you ignore your bald spot just because you can't see it right away when you first look in the mirror?

7—Do you run up long distance calls at the office and charge them off to business?

8—Do you walk home with the company's:
- Pencils?
- Letter paper?
- Stamps?

9—Do you fritter away money in your pocket thinking it's only "small change" and doesn't count?

10—Do you launch on tall tales about your rich relatives in foreign lands, when your only living relations run the general store at Keocut Corners?

11—Do you think of your salary in terms of your next raise and promptly splurge your savings?

12—Do you slyly glance at:
- Your co-worker's pay checks?
- Correspondence on the boss's desk?
- Confidential notes?
- Your friend's bills?

13—Do you claim you know such-and-such a town very well—when you've only gone through there once and that was on the night train?

14—Do you pretend you have indigestion when everyone can tell it's a first-class hangover?

It's Cheating When You're On a Diet, to Whisper to Yourself: "One Big Meal Won't Hurt. I'll Starve Tomorrow and Make Up for It."

American Beauty Going Up—and Westward?

Departing from the Old Ziegfeld Stage Standard, the Movies Are Demanding Taller and Taller Lovelies as Showgirls and Note That the Great Open Spaces Are Winning Top Honors in Producing and Streamlining 'Em

Jessie Reed, One of the Most Famous Showgirls of Florenz Ziegfeld's Time, Who Was Only 5 Ft. 4½ Ins. Tall.

Long Before the Movies Began to Set Up Ideals of Beauty for the Front Line, Kay Laurel, Only 5 Ft. 4 Ins. Tall, Was Considered One of the Most Gorgeous of the Girls Glorified by Ziegfeld.

Georgia Carroll, Who Comes From Texas, Meets Perfectly the Requirements of the Movies for Showgirl Perfection, and Is the Tallest in the Line of the New Film "Ziegfeld Girl." Without Her Shoes She Measures 5 Ft. 7½ Ins. and Weighs 128 Lbs.

(c) Ira L. Hill

The Smallest of the Old Ziegfeld Lovelies Was Olive Thomas Who, Like Jessie Reed and Kay Laurel, Died Tragically. She Was Only 5 Ft. 2 Ins. Tall.

THE center of beauty population has moved West, way West and probably will settle in the State of Texas where something tends to give women the highest type of beauty.

Also gentlemen no longer prefer blondes—they like them brunette, believe it or not, by the overwhelming percentage of eight to three.

These facts which every woman ought to know, are not from the last United States census but from the latest Hollywood vital statistics on the subject.

Therefore parents who want their baby daughter to be a reigning beauty of the screen, should move out West, preferably to the Lone Star State where something in the soil, air or sunlight may tend to stimulate certain of the endocrine glands in such a way as to produce extra tall girls and incidentally the tallest men in the country.

The tall girl is IT today, in the feminine business of being beautiful, in the eye of the male beholder. If, on top of that, she is a brunette with a lovely face, then unless she's very dumb, the world is at her feet which no longer have to be the size of a mouse. They may now be nearer dogs, in size.

The popularity of the extra-tall girl is a rapid development that has happened since the death of Florenz Ziegfeld, conceded the greatest expert on feminine beauty since the ancient Greeks.

The phenomenon was first noted by the discerning eye of Miss Billie Burke, Mr. Ziegfeld's widow, who probably knows better than anyone else by what standards he picked the girls worthy of glorification.

Flo Ziegfeld seems to have known what men admired, through a sort of intuitive genius. Hollywood confirmed his widow's observation of the new change by a methodical compiling of the theatre-going masculine public, similar to the straw-vote systems. The final figures on feminine figures show that the perfect height today is five feet, seven and a half inches tall, in stocking feet.

Add to that about three inches more of heels and you have an Amazon, almost six feet tall, something that Grandpa, in his gay, stage-door-Johnny youth would have thought belonged only in the side show of a circus. But beauties of that elevated type are too scarce to fill the needs. As usual there is plenty of room at the top.

While Hollywood statisticians were gathering facts on height, they picked up some on color-scheme preferences. They learned that the brunette is an eight-to-one favorite over the red-haired lady, but what floored them was discovering that the supremacy of the vivid blonde went out about the same time as the gold certificates, which once were the most beautiful kind of money. Anita Loos' famous dictum about gentlemen preferring blondes, has been reversed by an eight-to-three decision.

Dark hair's victory over red was set down as possibly the result of a long propaganda campaign, that fiery tempers go with flaming coloring. Men always did like their women mild, not wild. But what happened to put a chill on the popularity of glowing blondes is a complete mystery, unless it was because men are the fickle sex, after all.

So-called "pure" scientists trudge off to the arctics and jungles to gather information regardless of whether it has any cash vaule or not. Hollywood scientists are strictly commercial because somebody has to know what the public wants at the moment or movie producers will lose a barrel of money. The season for the latest beauty census was the filming by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of William Anthony McGuire's story, "Ziegfeld Girl," just recently released.

Atmosphere, background and facts of the Ziegfeld era were easily obtained and though most of the surviving Follies girls had put on too many years and pounds to play showgirl roles, thousands of pictures of glorified ones in their heyday are available and can be duplicated in youthful flesh and blood.

But the casting directors did not get off that easy. The art of the theatre is not to present the real thing but what convinces the audience as the real thing. Bring on an actor who is supposed to have just fallen into the river and have him wear clothes that are soaking wet and he is the real thing, but somehow does not look it. Let him wear perfectly dry clothing but smear it here and there with vaseline and he is an out-and-out fake but looks convincing.

The Ziegfeld Follies girls knocked men cold with their beauty, as everyone knows. The re-glorified screen lovelies must do the same for the man in the audience or he thinks something is wrong. Even the memory of his father who fell for one of them is not trustworthy, just as he swears that winters used to be much more severe, regardless of the Weather Bureau's records.

It is still true that a women's face is her fortune but the higher the face from the ground, the higher she should now be in the income brackets. Therefore the final cast for "Ziegfeld Girl" of 12 front-line showgirls, instead of being mostly moderate-sized blondes, with just enough dark hair for contrast, was this unexpected mixture: eight brunettes, three blondes and one redhead. Their average height was five feet, six and a half inches, the very highest obtainable combined with Grade A beauty in other details. Their average weight was 120 pounds and age 21. Other specifications are as follows:

Neck	12½	inches
Bust	35	"
Waist	25	"
Hips	36½	"
Thigh	19½	"
Calf	12½	"
Ankle	8½	"

The queen of the film showgirls is Georgia Carroll, of Blooming Grove, Texas, who is also tops in height, her streamlined figure of 128 pounds towering to five feet, seven and a half inches. The shortest is Frances Gladwin, of Portland, Oregon, who got in at five feet-five only because she was superlatively suitable in all other particulars.

Ziegfeld believed that gentlemen preferred long hair, whereas all the reglorifications are bobbed, or short.

Even Ziegfeld seems to have had a vague premonition of a change to came because, though most of his outstanding show girls such as Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman and Nita Naldi, were born right in New York City, he rated the Eastern, sophisticated type third, with Southerners first and Westerners second. The only native New Yorker to make the new front line is Anya Taranda.

Now that the beauty demands for 1941 are known, the next most important question is how they came about. When an old institution or nation is swept away, historians are usually able to point to signs which foretold the event but were ignored. Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, with his tall, willowy girls, forecast the future much as did Jules Verne, with his fiction submarine. Miss Burke's comment incidentally suggest a possible cause. She said:

"Beauty of types has changed considerably in the past 15 years. Our current beauties are more streamlined, of the Grecian type."

Streamlined they are, but the classic Grecian type was not really streamlined. The statues merely give that illusion because the females are mostly in long, flowing robes. When the Greco-Roman sculptors carved a nude Venus, goddess of love and the last word in irresistible feminine beauty, they turned out a plump, sturdily-built woman who didn't seem to have watched her calories.

Streamlined, when stripped of her draperies, Venus was absolutely not. In artists' lingo, she was scarcely seven heads tall and would not have gotten into any front line, except on her reputation. This illusion that ancient Greek women were streamlined suggests that clothing is the cause for the present sudden elongation of beauty standards.

When the German barbarians destroyed the Greco-Roman civilization, they induced men to stop flapping around in what looked like bed-sheets and to get into something akin to modern pants, but woman still stuck to her draperies. The long skirt persisted right into the World War. Then came the flapper style and even grandmothers had to try to look like their sixteen-year-old granddaughters. Men were dumbfounded at the way the women had suddenly shortened up.

They knew that no man by giving thought can add one cubit unto his stature but apparently women had managed to take off about a cubit from their stature. It was mostly the result of the short skirt. The man in the street then became conscious that woman was a short-legged biped, built closer to the ground than himself. Gazing out of club windows, he realized that the short skirt made long-legged women appear to advantage as against the plump, short-legged Venus type. The Venus type dieted off as much of her plumpness as she could but the short skirt has always been a millstone around her knees.

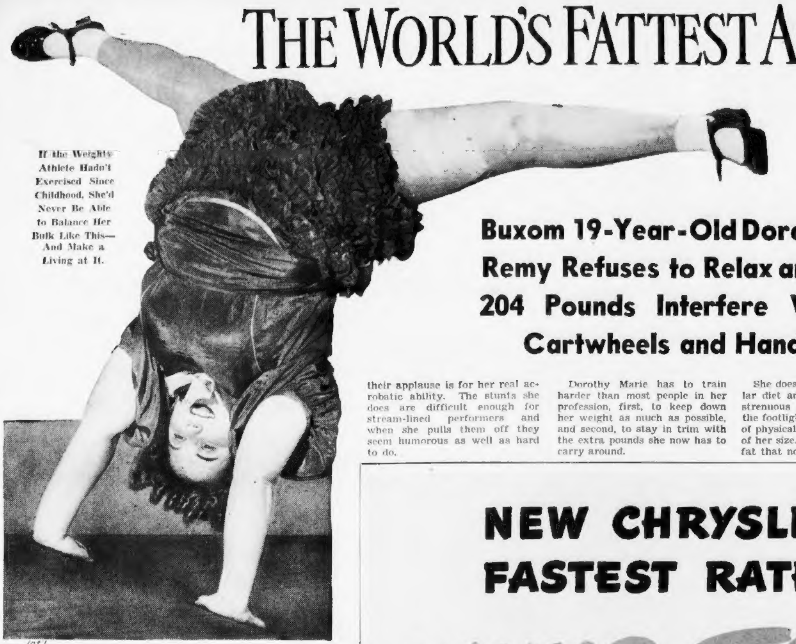
Perhaps of significance is the fact that the shorter of the Follies girls tended to come to the most tragic ends. If the world was already turning to taller types, these shortest of all would feel the shock of it, first and hardest, even though they did not know why their glamour had gone.

Olive Thomas seemed bent on keeping in a state of continuous oblivion, finally dying in a hotel in Paris from an overdose of sleeping tablets. Whether this was intentional or an accident has never been determined. She was only five feet, two inches tall.

Once gay and party-loving Kay Laurel, turned into that almost incredible thing for a Follies beauty, a sort of feminine hermit, dying in a London hotel of pneumonia, after childbirth, alone and apparently friendless and penniless. One of the loveliest of all the Ziegfeld girls, Kay was four feet, four inches tall.

Jessie Reed, not long ago, died in Chicago, also penniless, having thrown everything away in a cynical disillusionment which even her best friends never could quite understand. Perhaps had she known that it was not so much the fickleness of men that had suddenly put out the light of her glamour, but the short skirt, curse of short women, Jessie might not have been so bitter. She claimed to be half an inch taller than Kay Laurel.

THE WORLD'S FATTEST ACROBAT



If the Weighty Athlete Hadn't Exercised Since Childhood, She'd Never Be Able to Balance Her Bulk Like This—And Make a Living at It.

Int'l

Dorothy Can Show Many a Thin Man, and Woman, How to Do the Familiar Toe-Touching Exercise.

Int'l

Buxom 19-Year-Old Dorothy Marie Remy Refuses to Relax and Let Her 204 Pounds Interfere With Her Cartwheels and Handstands

TO those who believe that plumpness goes hand in hand with laziness, lethargy and slow motion, Dorothy Marie Remy comes as a great surprise. Dorothy Marie, who is currently appearing with her brother, Dick Remy, in a Broadway musical show, admits to a tonnage of 204 pounds, but she is as supple, agile and light on her tootsies as if she were a streamlined ninety-eight.

Sixteen of Dotty's 19 years have been spent in the theatre. She has survived the demise of vaudeville and has made her acrobatic act a success at a time when such acts are frowned upon as "corny". Dorothy made her first stage appearance at the age of three, singing "Swanee River" in blackface. Since childhood she has had acrobatic training, and when, at 16, she suddenly began to put on flesh she refused to let the increasing poundage interfere with her career.

Strangely enough, this tonnage has become an asset. Skinny, muscle-bound acrobats are a dime a dozen. But when people see roly-poly Dotty strut her stuff they can't believe their eyes.

Among the stunts this not-so-little lady can do are a forward somersault on roller skates without touching the floor and a kind of walk on her hands with her body almost parallel to the floor.

The buxom athlete can also do the split while holding a 50-pound bar bell over her head. Most of the young women in her profession can't even do the strong-arm part of this stunt to say nothing of doing a perfect split at the same time.

Dorothy Marie, who incidentally is happily married, never expected to be fat. But now that she is considerably on the hefty side she sees no reason why she should give up the career for which she has been training since she was a child. Fortunately for her she had acquired a remarkably flexible body before she began to put on weight.

In her younger days, if a person of 19 can be said to have younger days—she never expected to be the so-called comic relief on the stage. Theatregoers get many a laugh out of her athletic antics because of her somewhat elephantine proportions — but their applause is for her real acrobatic ability. The stunts she does are difficult enough for stream-lined performers and when she pulls them off they seem humorous as well as hard to do.

Dorothy Marie has to train harder than most people in her profession, first, to keep down her weight as much as possible, and second, to stay in trim with the extra pounds she now has to carry around.

She doesn't follow any particular diet and has found that her strenuous shennanigans behind the footlights keep her in the pink of physical condition for a person of her size. Beneath the layers of fat that now generously pad her frame, Miss Remy has plenty of good solid muscle. She's big, but she isn't flabby.

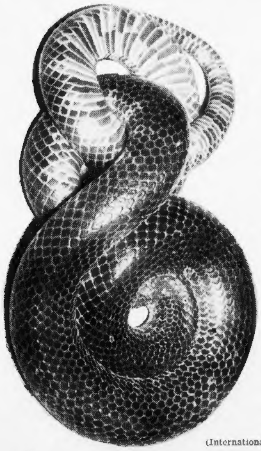
It is said that many an obese theatregoer has been inspired to take up vigorous exercises since seeing Dottie go through her surprisingly agile routine.

Live Jewelry in the Zoo

FOR centuries the designers of ornaments, and especially jewelry, have been glorifying the snake in the decorative gadgets they make. As far back as Egyptian times the jewelers who fashioned trinkets for the old Pharaohs and their favorites turned out brooches and rings on which miniature reptiles of gold and silver realistically writhed.

As skillful as these artisans were, however, their serpentine products can never match in sinuous grace the appearance of the real thing. The photograph below, which was recently snapped at the Philadelphia Zoo, shows just how intricately graceful a snake can be when it puts its mind to it.

The photographer who caught this extraordinary portrait of a serpent says that it is a hoop snake recently acquired by the Philadelphia institution, and that it had its tail in its mouth to achieve this strangely artistic pattern.



No Designer of Jewelry Could Turn Out a More Graceful Pattern for a Brooch Than This Smooth Figure Achieved by a Live Hoop Snake at the Philadelphia Zoo. This Reptile Did the Trick by Putting Its Tail in Its Mouth.

(International News Photo)

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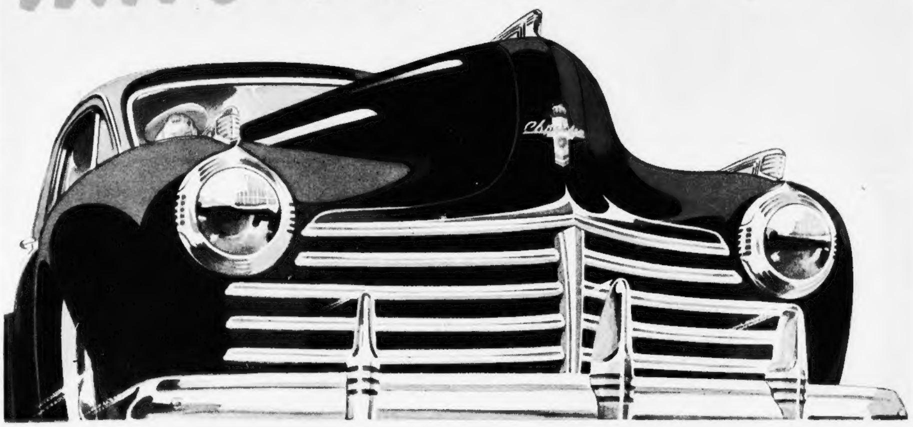
WHY?-Fluid Drive!



OVERWHELMING demand for *Fluid Drive* is increasing Chrysler sales at the fastest rate in history!

That's easily understood, once you've tried *Fluid Driving*... because you'll never want another car without *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission.

You roll away more smoothly than you ever thought a car could move! The mighty power of the Spitfire engine is transmitted through oil... with all the smoothness of oil . . . at any car speed

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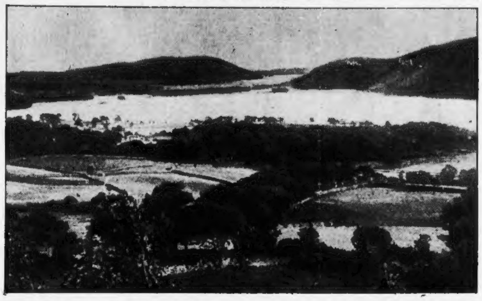
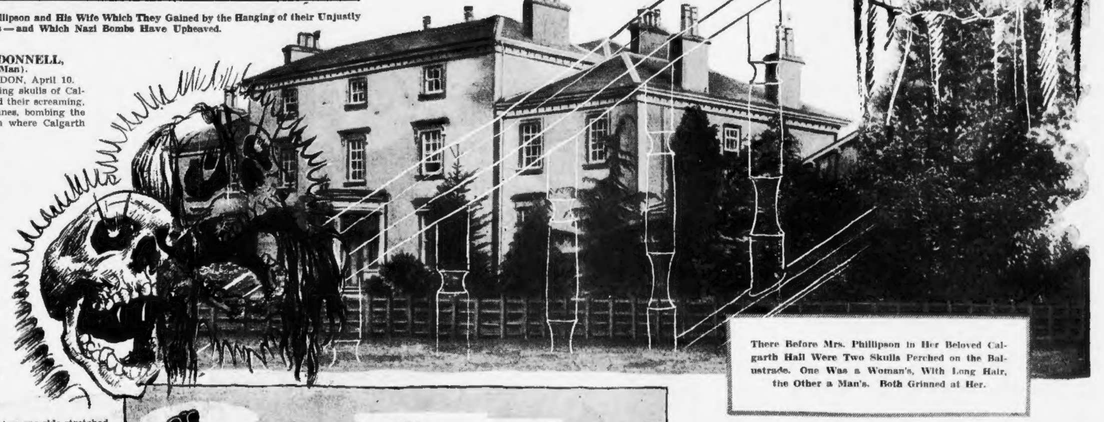
The "Screaming Skulls of Calgarth" Silenced by Nazi Bombs

Like Many Other Ghosts of Old England, Whose Localities Have Been Blasted By Air Raids, the Spirits of Windemere Have Had Their Favorite Haunts Bombed—and the Superstitious Folk Thereabouts Believe Their Shrieks Will Be Heard No More



The Lands of Myles Phillipson and His Wife Which They Gained by the Hanging of their Unjustly Accused Neighbors—and Which Nazi Bombs Have Upheaved.



There Before Mrs. Phillipson in Her Beloved Calgarth Hall Were Two Skulls Perched on the Balustrade. One Was a Woman's, With Long Hair, the Other a Man's. Both Grinned at Her.

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL,
(The Ghost Man).

LONDON, April 10.

THE famous "screaming skulls of Calgarth" have stopped their screaming, ever since Nazi planes, bombing the Windemere Lake region where Calgarth Hall stands, dropped one in the cemetery, in which the headless skeletons of Mr. and Mrs. Kraster Cook have lain since the early seventeenth century.

Natives in the vicinity believe this means that the justly-resentful spirits of the Cooks have lifted the curse, at least for the duration of the war. According to tradition the skulls have been screaming intermittently for 300 years, and the curse was laid on Calgarth Hall even before ground was broken for the handsome edifice now long in ruins. The site was originally a small farm, occupied by an elderly couple, Kraster Cook and his wife Dorothy, but on one side stretched the broad acres of the Phillipson estate.

The Cooks, humble souls who could neither read nor write and knew little except to make a living from the soil without injuring its fertility, scarcely presumed to raise their eyes when rich old Magistrate Myles Phillipson and his beautiful young wife chose to gallop their horses right through his growing crops. The Phillipsons were gentry, quality, and recently a Phillipson relative had left Myles a lot of ready money.

This was what the young wife was waiting for. Her first name has been lost, which is supposed to be another part of the curse because, though Dorothy's is still known, a mysterious hand kept erasing the rich woman's from the records until finally it became forgotten. She had married an older man because he already had much land and the immediate prospects of inheriting much money, too. The old manor house, however, was badly designed, built in a poor place and had been allowed to get out of repair. Now she would build a palace, but there was still a difficulty.

On all the spacious Phillipson lands there was no location worthy of such a building. However, an ideal one happened to be right next door, wasted by the occupation of the weatherbeaten little Cook farmhouse. For some time Myles had vainly tried through agents to buy the farm for a song, but now he decided to waste no more time haggling.

With a deed all made out and a little bag of gold pieces amounting to the full value of the farm, he visited his poor neighbor and gruffly informed Kraster how lucky he was. But Kraster Cook, British to the core, was full of that quiet stubbornness which Hitler has found so bothersome. Many generations of Cooks had tilled that little farm, and it happened that Kraster and Dorothy did not want to sell.

Finally Myles lost his temper, told Kraster that he and his wife were louts, clod-hoppers and yokels too stupid to know what was good for them and stormed out, making vague threats which he did not mean. As a magistrate, he knew the law which then as now was that every Englishman's home is his castle. Mrs. Phillipson thought otherwise. She had managed to break the laws of wedlock many times without her husband suspecting.

"You went about it the wrong way," she said. "We will dazzle and flatter them into agreeing. Just leave everything to me."

As usual he did and a few days later three servants in their best uniform called at the Cook farm to hand the startled old couple a scented note on stationery that bore a coat of arms. They looked at it helplessly, until Dorothy had an inspiration.

"Does any of ye happen to have book-larnin'?" she asked. One of them did, because Mrs. Phillipson had foreseen this problem. The learned flunkey read the note, which was from Mistress Phillipson, apologizing sweetly for her husband's loss of temper and begging them to show their forgiveness by coming to dinner on a certain date to meet their friends. The servant then volunteered that they need not reply for a few days.

The "Left-Handed Duel." An Old Print Showing the Scene in the Old Play, Staged at Calgarth, That Brought Back the Shrieks of the Sleeping Ghosts.

Kraster did not need a day or a minute to say no. His only good coat, in which he had been married and had gone to church every Sunday since, had turned from black to various shades of purple, and his wife's best dress was not much better. But Dorothy said she could make a good dress and the clerk at the village would lend his ink-horn and quill for her to touch up where the threads showed white at the seams of her husband's coat. She was going to see how ladies and gentlemen behaved at a banquet, if it killed her—and that is exactly what it did.

The clerk, besides lending his writing materials, composed the acceptance in the same uncouth style which is the correct form to this day. There were good reasons for it then when few, even of the aristocracy, could more than sign their names. The formal invitation and reply were merely assertions in the third person and bore no signature, thus avoiding any danger of signing what, for all these illiterate bluebloods knew, might be a promisory note.

Came the dreaded evening, which realized old Kraster's worst fears, though their hostess could not have been more kind and considerate and the other guests, elegant in clothing, jewels and manner, tried to conceal their surprise at these shabby yokels. The introductions were agony even after Kraster discovered that one does not shake hands with a lady. Dinner was even worst, though by slyly watching the others they learned how to help themselves to the variety of strange foods and which article of the embarrassing array of silver to use for each.

Dorothy also managed to take in much of the polite conversation and ways of the gentry, but Kraster kept his wretched eyes fastened on a spot just in front of his plate. Presently a servant placed in that spot a golden bowl, containing violets and the old man kept on staring. After a while he heard his hostess addressing him sweetly:

Christian David, Who Tried in Vain to Dispose of the Calgarth Skulls. But the Nazi Airmen Seem to Have Done a More Thorough Job.

"Mr. Cook, I notice that you are interested in that bowl. It contains almost exactly the same amount of gold as those gold pieces my husband brought you some time ago."

Everyone heard her say that and observed that Kraster mumbled in agreement also that he continued to stare at the treasure. After dinner there was a general adjournment to the ballroom, where the dancing began. But Kraster had suffered enough and grasping his wife by the arm, he led her out and home without bothering for good-bys.

Next morning, before dawn, the Cook farmhouse was invaded by the Phillipson servants and constables. They searched the farm and "found" the golden bowl in a cupboard. Off went the stunned couple to jail.

At the trial, as can be imagined, a deadly case was presented by quality witnesses, as well as servants, against the aged couple, who could only stammer hopeless denials. The verdict was guilty and the punishment, for grand larceny in those days, death by hanging.

Hangings then were public events and Kraster went first, without a word. As the noose was placed around Dorothy's neck, she demanded the privilege of a few last words. Looking straight into the eyes of Mrs. Phillipson, who with her husband had front seats, she cried:

"You, weak old man, and you, beautiful but faithless and heartless wife—ye have planned well to take our lives and ye will now take our little farm. But ye will regret it, for we will still be there and ye will hear from us. The curse shall go on forever."

The old magistrate frowned, but his lovely wife showed her white teeth in what was considered a smile of pitying forgiveness. The pair were buried just outside the hallowed ground of the cemetery, which later expanded around their graves, and the Phillipsons proceeded to build Calgarth Hall. It was not necessary to pay for the farm, because Phillipson took it over for debt. His guests had all heard Kraster Cook admit having received many gold pieces.

At last came the grand housewarming. In the midst of the gayest, most successful banquet she had ever given, Mrs. Phillipson found her 'kerchief mysteriously missing, and there being no maid in sight at the moment, lighted a candle and ascended to her boudoir for another.

A few moments later the guests were startled by her scream, followed by an unearthly duet of other ones. They found her lying on the stairs in a faint, and on the balustrade were two skulls. Revived, she told them that these had certainly not been there when she went up, but they suddenly appeared as she was descending.

The skulls were just ordinary ones, and the chief mystery was where the screaming came from. Nobody spoke of the curse, but everyone thought of it.

Next morning Mistress Phillipson ordered the servant with "book-larnin'" to throw the skulls into the nearest lake. He did so, but at midnight the household was roused by blood-curdling screams from the top of the mansion. As they reached the attic door, it was noticed that a thin trickle of water was oozing from under it. In the attic, on a sort of niche, stood the same two skulls, both soaking wet. In the morning Mistress Phillipson horsewhipped the servant and dismissed him, then gave the same orders to another servant.

Exactly the same thing happened, but this servant, though illiterate, was no fool, and when he faced his furious mistress the whip did not fall because he had witnesses who saw him dispose of the skulls as ordered. An admirer volunteered to throw the grinning things into a charcoal burner's pit but, on the way, the horse threw the admirer and broke his neck. That night the skulls screamed as usual.

The gentleman who wished to be his successor pulverized the skulls with a hammer, but still without effect. The Phillipsons consulted the local clergy, who advised opening the graves of the Cooks which revealed to everyone's dismay two headless bodies. The skulls were placed in the coffins and a new burial service said over them. The skulls came back and screamed just the same.

A Christian David, a gentleman versed in psychic matters, advised that the skulls be cremated. This was done, but the following morning the grinning skulls were back. Mr. David left the neighborhood quickly.

Once the Phillipson's succeeded in getting a large company of guests to their haunted house to see a play by strolling players, because it was to be performed in daylight. In this a perfidious wife induces her husband to fight a left-handed duel with her lover on the pretext that the lover's left hand was very weak. In reality he was left-handed and killed the husband. Just at that instant the skulls screamed and thereafter no guest would darken the doors of Calgarth. The servants fled, making it necessary for the Phillipsons to follow.

There is a long story of financial disasters in which nothing was left but the haunted mansion which nobody wanted. Myles died and his widow married twice. Her second husband died of fright, on their wedding night when the skulls screamed at him. The third deserted her for the same reason. She is said to have ended her life a suicide. Anyone who tried to live in the Hall promptly moved out. As the years passed, the fine building was allowed to decay and then further ruined by taking its stones for other buildings.

The skulls, however, are said to have kept on screaming right up to the day a large bomb exploded not far from where the Cooks sleep so uneasily. It has been a custom for more than a century for youths and maidens on Hallowe'en and other nights to enter the cellar under a part of the ruins. Sometimes they went out giggling because nothing happened.

At other times, so it is said, the skulls and their dreadful screaming sent them out into the open air, also screaming. When this manifestation occurred it was taken to mean that at least one in the party had an ancestor related to Myles Phillipson or his wicked wife. Now, however, even those who used to be screamed at get nothing but silence.

There are some who want to dig down and see if the skulls have gone back to their proper places, but the majority say: "Let well enough alone!"

The "Screaming Skulls of Calgarth" Silenced by Nazi Bombs

Like Many Other Ghosts of Old England, Whose Localities Have Been Blasted By Air Raids, the Spirits of Windemere Have Had Their Favorite Haunts Bombed—and the Superstitious Folk Thereabouts Believe Their Shrieks Will Be Heard No More

The Lands of Myles Phillipson and His Wife Which They Gained by the Hanging of their Unjustly Accused Neighbors—and Which Nazi Bombs Have Upheaved.

There Before Mrs. Phillipson in Her Beloved Calgarth Hall Were Two Skulls Perched on the Balustrade. One Was a Woman's, With Long Hair, the Other a Man's. Both Grinned at Her.

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL,
(The Ghost Man).

LONDON, April 10

THE famous "screaming skulls of Calgarth" have stopped their screaming, ever since Nazi planes, bombing the Windemere Lake region where Calgarth Hall stands, dropped one in the cemetery, in which the headless skeletons of Mr. and Mrs. Kraster Cook have lain since the early seventeenth century.

Natives in the vicinity believe this means that the justly-resentful spirits of the Cooks have lifted the curse at least for the duration of the war. According to tradition the skulls have been screaming intermittently for 300 years and the curse was laid on Calgarth Hall even before ground was broken for the handsome edifice now long in ruins. The site was originally a small farm, occupied by an elderly couple, Kraster Cook and his wife Dorothy, but on one side stretched the broad acres of the Phillipson estate.

The Cooks, humble souls who could neither read nor write and knew little except to make a living from the soil without injuring its fertility, scarcely presumed to raise their eyes when rich old Magistrate Myles Phillipson and his beautiful young wife chose to gallop their horses right through his growing crops. The Phillipsons were gentry, quality, and recently a Phillipson relative had left Myles a lot of ready money.

This was what the young wife was waiting for. Her first name has been lost, which is supposed to be another part of the curse because though Dorothy's is still known, a mysterious hand kept erasing the rich woman's from the records until finally it became forgotten. She had married an older man because he already had much land and the immediate prospects of inheriting much money, too. The old manor house, however, was badly designed, built in a poor place and had been allowed to get out of repair. Now she would build a palace, but there was still a difficulty.

On all the spacious Phillipson lands there was no location worthy of such a building. However, an ideal one happened to be right next door, wasted by the occupation of the weatherbeaten little Cook farmhouse. For some time Myles had vainly tried through agents to buy the farm for a song, but now he decided to waste no more time haggling.

With a deed all made out and a little bag of gold pieces amounting to the full value of the farm, he visited his poor neighbor and gruffly informed Kraster how lucky he was. But Kraster Cook, British to the core, was full of that quiet stubbornness which Hitler has found so bothersome. Many generations of Cooks had tilled that little farm, and it happened that Kraster and Dorothy did not want to sell.

Finally Myles lost his temper, told Kraster that he and his wife were louts, clod-hoppers and yokels too stupid to know what was good for them and stormed out, making vague threats which he did not mean. As a magistrate he knew the law which then as now was that every Englishman's home is his castle. Mrs. Phillipson thought otherwise. She had managed to break the laws of wedlock many times without her husband suspecting.

"You went about it the wrong way," she said. "We will dazzle and flatter them into agreeing. Just leave everything to me."

As usual he did and a few days later three servants in their best uniform called at the Cook farm to hand the startled old couple a scented note on stationery that bore a coat of arms. They looked at it helplessly, until Dorothy had an inspiration.

"Does any of ye happen to have book-larnin'?" she asked. One of them did, because Mrs. Phillipson had foreseen this problem. The learned flunkey read the note, which was from Mistress Phillipson, apologizing sweetly for her husband's loss of temper and begging them to show their forgiveness by coming to dinner on a certain date to meet their friends. The servant then volunteered that they need not reply for a few days.

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Kraster did not need a lawyer or a [illegible] to say no. His only good coat, in which he had been married and had gone to [illegible] every Sunday since, had [illegible] from black to various shades of purple and his wife's best [illegible] was not much better. But Dorothy said she could make a good dress and the clerk at the village would lend his ink-horn and quill for her to touch up where the threads showed white at the seams of her husband's coat. She was going to see how ladies and gentlemen behaved at a banquet, if it killed her and that is exactly what it did.

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Came the dreaded evening, which realized old Kraster's worst fears, though their hostess could not have been more kind and considerate and the other guests, elegant in clothing, jewels and manner, tried to conceal their surprise at these shabby yokels. The introductions were agony even after Kraster discovered that one does not shake hands with a lady. Dinner was even worst, though by slyly watching the others they learned how to help themselves to the variety of strange foods and which article of the embarrassing array of silver to use for each.

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containing [illegible] staring. [illegible] addressed [illegible]

Mr [illegible] in that bowl. It contained [illegible] the same amount of gold as the [illegible] husband brought [illegible]

Everyone near [illegible] that Kraster [illegible] also that he continued to stare at [illegible] After dinner there was a general adjournment to the ballroom where the dancing began. But Kraster had suffered enough and grasping [illegible] and her [illegible] without [illegible]

Next [illegible] farmhouse was invaded by the Phillipson servants and constables. They searched the farm and "found" the golden bowl in a cupboard. Off went the stunned couple to jail.

At the trial, as can be imagined, a deadly case was presented by quality witnesses, as well as servants against the aged couple, who could only stammer hopeless denials. The verdict was guilty and the punishment, for grand larceny in those days, death by hanging.

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[illegible] which later [illegible] the Phillipsons proceeded to build Calgarth Hall. It was not necessary to pay for the farm because Phillipson took it over for debt. His guests had all heard [illegible] Cook [illegible] about having received [illegible] gold pieces.

[illegible] came the grand housewarming. In [illegible] of the gayest, most successful banquets [illegible] ever given Mrs. Phillipson found [illegible] mysteriously missing and there [illegible] in sight at the moment [illegible] and [illegible] to her [illegible] for [illegible]

A [illegible] later the [illegible] by her screams, followed by [illegible] They found her [illegible] in a faint and on the [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible]

The skulls [illegible] of mystery [illegible] Nobody [illegible] of the curse but everyone thought of it.

Next morning Mistress Phillipson ordered the servant with "book-larnin'" to throw the skulls into the nearest lake. He did so but at midnight the household was roused by blood-curdling screams from the top of the mansion. As they reached the attic door it was noticed that a thin trickle of water was oozing from under it. In the attic on a sort of niche [illegible] skulls [illegible] morning Mistress Phillipson horsewhipped the servant and dismissed him, then gave the same orders to another servant.

Exactly the same thing happened, but this servant, though illiterate, was no fool and when he faced his furious mistress the whip did not fall because he had witnesses who saw him dispose of the skulls as ordered. An admirer volunteered to throw the grinning things into a charcoal burner's pit but, on the way, the horse threw the admirer and broke his neck. That night the skulls screamed as usual.

The gentleman who wished to be his successor pulverized the skulls with a hammer but still without effect. The Phillipsons consulted the local clergy, who advised opening the graves of the Cooks [illegible] The skulls [illegible] new burial service [illegible] The skulls were back [illegible]

A Christian David [illegible] that the skulls be [illegible] the following morning the grinning skulls were back. Mr. David [illegible]

[illegible] Phillipson [illegible]

[illegible] nothing was left but the haunted [illegible] Myles died [illegible] The third [illegible]

At other times, so it is said, the skulls [illegible] their dreadful screaming sent them out into the open air, also screaming. When this manifestation occurred it was taken to mean that at least one in the party had an ancestor related to Myles Phillipson or his [illegible] wife. Now, however, even those who used to be screamed at get nothing but silence.

There are [illegible] and [illegible] Let well enough alone.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

When a Girl's in Love

by
Helen Topping Miller

"I'm Terribly Sorry I Frightened You, Mother," Said Rosemary, "But I Wanted to Come Home. I'm Not Going Away Any More."

"I [illegible] as I do, he'd fight. He [illegible] take away what he [illegible]"

[illegible] David Patrick's words to [illegible] Mallard after she had refused [illegible] plea to marry him

If [illegible] you [illegible] things to hurt [illegible] And she [illegible] Vicki Mallard [illegible] divorced [illegible] entered the [illegible] asked [illegible] Patrick's son [illegible] wants to marry [illegible]

The scene took place in Vicki's Washington apartment to which Rosemary had hurried [illegible] where she lived with Emory [illegible] before her [illegible] she had spent a month with [illegible] her to marry wealthy [illegible] But she had said she didn't love [illegible] refused his plea to stay over for [illegible] party at his Virginia estate She wanted to get [illegible] to help Jeff Lane a [illegible] who helped her father [illegible] and his [illegible]

[illegible] Savannah and [illegible] Jeff but she [illegible] that [illegible] his [illegible] She was deeply [illegible] instead of her [illegible] that night [illegible] she said aloud, "I had two [illegible] now I've lost them both There [illegible] something wrong with me"

After the race, David told her he'd fallen [illegible] with her, but she gave him no hope [illegible] to Jeff's little house and he [illegible] his arms "You've been very [illegible] to me," he said, "if you knew what it [illegible] me to stand here—not daring to say things to you—with no right—" She broke away "I guess I must have gone crazy for a minute," she replied in confusion

Although expecting it, she got a shock when Emory told her he was going to marry Lorna, and then after she insisted against his protests that she was going back to her mother, she overheard Jeff telling Emory he was quitting his job because he loved her and couldn't tell her She demanded to know the rest, and she learned he had a wife, a rich older woman whom he had married when he was just out of college, and who had refused to divorce him hoping he would come back to her

Despair in her heart, realizing she loved Jeff even as he loved her but keeping her secret, she went back to Vicki with [illegible] of Emory's proposed marriage Hayes [illegible] urged her to marry [illegible] David appeared to renew his suit It was after her admission that she loved Jeff that David roused her resentment by his remarks about him

Vicki [illegible] took her back to New York to shop As they left the Capital, Rosemary read an item that Jeff's wife, whom she had seen in Washington but never met had returned to her Long Island estate Making up her mind to talk to her, she enlisted the aid of Miles Crawford a middle-aged friend of Vicki's "She can't be happy" she said stressing her own love for Jeff "she can't enjoy the things she is doing to Jeff She might listen to me If you won't help me

"I'll help you" he said "but you realize we can't barge into Marian Lane's house We'll have to use finesse" Meanwhile David called again but she forgot him, and Hayes when she got back to the apartment [illegible] and found Miles waiting for her

(And Now Go on With the Story)

MR CRAWFORD h[illegible] [illegible] cunary look and Rosemary's heart began to beat faster because she was certain that Miles had arranged things [illegible] that already he had been talking to Vicki

Vicki said at once, "Miles wants you to go to Long Island to his sister's place for the week-end Rosemary" Her tone indicated that she was not enthusiastic about the idea but Rosemary ignored this in her swift relief that now perhaps something would be settled At last she would know' Not knowing was what made life so ghastly

"It will be a very young affair I infer Miles" Vicki went on implying that any young occasion would of course be quite profitless to Rosemary

"Filly for sale!" said the bitter voice in Rosemary's brain

"Rosemary's young, isn't she?" Miles' bumbling filled the little parlor as his body seemed to fill any room he entered. "Let the infant have a little fun. Think you can stand being dragged away from dressmakers for a day or two, Rosemary

Oh, gladly! I'm going, mother. Mother's not invited?" she asked, a trifle sharply quite sure that Miles had been able to evade vigilant Vicki

"Only young fry at this week-end I'm allowed because I'm in the family and there's a plot afoot to have me set some of the younger generation up in business. Good old Uncle Miles Well I'll come for you about four Take a warm coat, the wind blows cool off the water

When they were on their way Miles said "We'll have to show up at my sister's place [illegible] But tomorrow morning we'll drive over to the Lane place and coolly [illegible] in [illegible] you are on your [illegible] young [illegible]

"I know" Rosemary said a bit faintly, "it has a reckless sound doesn't it? A most crazy [illegible] to be quite truthful"

"Entirely crazy" Miles agreed, "I never set out to take a woman's husband away from her before in such a brutal way It's new I'm interested to see how you'll go about it"

"I'm not going to be brutal, Miles. I'm going to be terribly clever I'm going to appeal to her"

"And suppose the lovely lady refuses? Suppose she shows us the door with cold imperial gestures? Suppose she laughs derisively—ha-ha-ha my proud young beauty, get him if you can' What are you going to do then?"

"Then we go back to New York."

"And life goes on"

[illegible] She would not let [illegible] that [illegible] possibility She would not live in that desert [illegible] until there was no hope left

The house of Miles' sister was a big informal noisy place with half a dozen young people chasing around in it in tennis shorts The hostess was casual and friendly and made every one comfortable by letting them have their own way

Dinner was a merry confusion One girl in a dinner dress another in slacks Miles shaking up cocktails but nobody very much interested in drinking. The radio blared incessantly and a college boy dragged Rosemary away from the table to dance The servants moved about patiently, changing plates, while the guests dabbed at food indifferently shouted with laughter, and kept the confusion shrill

There was a billiard game, hotly contested and a girl did an adagio dance with a silk piano cover for a partner. Rosemary tried hard to enter in, but she kept thinking that if this was youth she had never been young, never. She shared a room with a bright-haired girl from Brookline, who was interested in practically nothing except the college dances she hoped to be invited to.

And at night there was the sound of the sea That was like home, though it brought back again the aching nostalgia she had been trying to cure And the morning came up out of the opal water like a flower opening pearly and simmering gold at its throat

ROSEMARY took an icy shower without flinching with every nerve in her body braced and her brain steadied to the point of grimness

She put on the most mature things she owned a gray suit and a dark blue blouse and a competent looking hat She would face Jeff Lane's wife as a woman not as some [illegible] young thing made incoherent by an adolescent love affair

Then with Miles she drove in silence to the Lane house The place sat far back, a French-looking house with every window marked by white blinds and hedges carefully trimmed

The serving man who opened the door had the same cautiously ordered look He regarded them with frank suspicion until Miles produced his card then they were ushered into a little reception room, high and chilly, with costly antique gold chairs set against the walls and a huge tapestry suspended over the cold fire place

"If there were only some three-year-old magazines around" Miles said dryly when the man had gone. "I'd feel as if I were in a dentist's office. How's your blood pressure? Not losing your courage are you?"

"I can't lose it Miles—I can't!" she whispered hoarsely

"Do we begin in a casual sort of way or do we sail into this like two Irishmen starting a fight? I'd like a hint or two"

"You begin and then introduce me. After that I'll go on if there is any use"

Rosemary consulted her mirror. She must not look wan She touched up her cheeks and her lips a little but nothing could be done about her eyes They had a hollow, ravaged look and there were blue shadows under them She had not slept very much She had lain awake putting sentences together, arranging and rearranging the words she would speak to Mrs Geoffrey Lane

She had decided on simplicity the stark directness of a sincere appeal

"I love Jeff—and he loves me, Mrs Lane. He will always love me because I know Jeff Wouldn't it make you happier to let us be happy? Now we are all miserable—all three of us And Jeff won't change"

Unless the woman had a heart of stone—unless she refused pointblank to listen—

The man came back then and Rosemary's heart did a wild whirl and then tightened, cold as iron But the servant offered a brief reprieve. Mrs Lane was engaged—might be engaged for some little time Would they wish to wait?

"We'll wait," said Miles

Somewhere a clock ticked, slowly and methodically. Rosemary opened and closed her bag a hundred times. Miles took out a cigarette, looked around for an ash-tray, then decided against profaning that perfect room by smoking and put the cigarette away

The house was very still at first No movement no fragrances, a dead house as impersonal as a picture

And then Rosemary was aware of footsteps coming down a flight of stairs somewhere and of voices coming [illegible] nearer and nearer

Two voices—a man's and a woman's

The woman's voice was flute-like and clear but Rosemary could not distinguish the words. But when the man spoke, she sprang up as though she had been struck, and her purse fell to the floor

Jeff!

Jeff's voice, in this house.

They were going into another room now, and the murmur of the voices died to indistinctness—but Rosemary knew, she was sure!

Jeff was here in this house with his wife The room turned green about her suddenly and began to spin But she caught at the back of her chair and controlled herself sternly.

Her own voice came to her ears, ready and far and thin

"I'll—go now, Miles—there's no use waiting"

Somehow, bewildered, Miles got her out The door closed behind them with a little thud

XXII

MILES was very wise and kind He did not talk nor ask questions He put her into the car and drove back through the increasing Sunday traffic, keeping his eyes straight ahead

When they were near his sister's house Rosemary spoke at last, evenly, flatly, without emotion

"That was Jeff. Jeff was there—with her"

Miles did not answer. But he reached his big hand and gave her hand a little comforting pressure

As they went into the house he said, "Chin up, Rosemary. That does it. Shall I take you back to New York after lunch?"

She had her chin up, tilted a little, and too rigidly firm. She dragged her lips into a smile.

(Continued on Page 14)

Queer Echoes of Uncle Sam's Call to Arms

"Keep Us Informed of Any Change of Address," a Minnesota Draft Board Told a Registrant, and Wished They Hadn't. Soon Afterward There Came a Flood of Postcards Signed by "Mike" Who Insisted on Describing All the Details of His Travels

When Asked About Identifying Marks a Draftee Displayed the Trademark of a Stove Which He Had Fallen Against as a Child.

The Indians Who Thought There Was a War, and Brought Their Tomahawks; the Man Who Was "Two People;" Mysterious "Mike" and His Postcards—And Other Unique Problems of the Harassed Registrars

Believing the Registration Ceremonies Represented the Palefaces' Quaint Way of Declaring War, 4,000 Navaho Braves Said Good-by to Their Families and Descended Upon Their Registration Centers All Ready to Fight.

LAST October close to 17 million young men registered for the draft. A month later came the greatest lottery of all time to determine the order in which they would be called up, then the [illegible] process of classification and exemption, or inducting them into the service of national defense.

During the course of this tremendous operation some pretty weird things—things comic, tragic and just plain screwball—could reasonably be expected to take place.

They did!

On registration day 65 Seminole Indians eligible for the draft disappeared into the depths of the Florida Everglades. Warnings that they'd be prosecuted did no good, but after a ceremonial council with their elders they agreed to register. There's little chance any of them will serve in the Army, however, for the Seminole tribe is still [illegible] war with the United States. They are [illegible] aliens, and for this reason [illegible] called [illegible]

By way of [illegible] 4,000 [illegible] of New Mexico [illegible] registration was the [illegible] quaint way of declaring war [illegible] centers ready to fight.

Many were [illegible] when the boards told them to go home and they would be called if and when they were wanted. [illegible] feathers.

[illegible]

was still a week under the age limit on registration day last Fall.

From the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, came another echo from the past. The notorious Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, serving a seven-year sentence for evading the 1917 draft, reported through his wife that he "would certainly be glad to go if they called him this time."

SOMEHOW Miss Reika Mary Schwanke of Austin, Minnesota, managed to register [illegible] number which was the [illegible] draft lottery. She [illegible] to fill out like other [illegible] said she would be placed in Class 4F—for persons "physically [illegible] for service"—although Reika herself said she didn't want to be exempted at all!

Long before the Rochester, N. Y., draft boards received questionnaire forms for distribution they were in receipt of one all [illegible] Ira Patsy Robert Dunkle, 22-year-old West Indian. Ira Patsy listed himself in Class 1A—fit and available for [illegible] duty—and volunteered for immediate [illegible] found out where he got [illegible]

[illegible] case of Paul [illegible] student in a Rhode Island [illegible] body was found with a person [illegible]

The [illegible] the United States still at large and successfully dodging the draft. He registered in Syracuse, N. Y., giving a false name and fictitious address in another city, and obtained a registration card which he can use anywhere in the country—until the FBI catches up with him.

It is estimated that there are about 450,000 so-called "conscientious objectors" to the draft, mostly on religious grounds. Prominent among these are members of the Mennonite cult. William C. Redcay, Mennonite, 23 years old, of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, signed an affidavit asking for deferment on the ground he was "by reason of religious training and belief, conscientiously opposed to combatant service in which it might be necessary to take human life."

A few days later the [illegible] was charged with [illegible] over the affection of a pretty [illegible] girl [illegible] fighting for [illegible]

NOT [illegible] for the draft in the [illegible] World War [illegible] New York [illegible] not only [illegible] duty [illegible] Army [illegible]

[illegible] New York [illegible] Britain [illegible] of Canada [illegible] registered [illegible] But he [illegible]

Raymond F. Jeffries of [illegible] N. Y. [illegible] draft [illegible] "college [illegible] war [illegible] training [illegible]

MANY [illegible] a newspaper [illegible] no such [illegible] was [illegible] of him.

"I [illegible]"

But [illegible] not always simplify [illegible] wife found [illegible] slip of paper [illegible] Rose Murray [illegible] and telephone [illegible] waiting for her husband [illegible] wife [illegible] she thought [illegible] still in the [illegible] managed to interrupt long enough [illegible] that she was a draft board [illegible] her husband was supposed to [illegible] certain facts.

"Oh well, you know how it is," said the wife and hung up.

Dick Daley of Elyria, Ohio, found himself in somewhat of a quandary. He had joined the Canadian forces and also registered for the draft. On leave in the United States he was notified to appear for induction. As an American citizen this country had a first claim on him. Yet if he stayed here, he would be a deserter from the Canadian Army, and if he rejoined the forces in Canada he would be a draft dodger on this side of the border. The trouble was ironed out when Canadian authorities were notified and consented that he perform his military duty here.

"HAVE you any identifying marks on your [illegible]" [illegible] of the routine questions [illegible] of Hickory, North Carolina [illegible] by answering [illegible]

[illegible]

A [illegible] this for [illegible] County, Minnesota, but it was [illegible] from Minnesota [illegible]

MIKE

[illegible] San Diego [illegible]

MIKE

[illegible] Washington [illegible]

MIKE

[illegible] Mike [illegible]

The draft records are full of Mikes. Now if his name had been a rare one like Ali it would have been different. Yet Ali Aftab, Hindu restaurant man of New York, was a [illegible] to his board because that is only a business name, his real one being Meeram Ullam. When he presented social security cards under both names, the board decided to register him under both too. Some wag assured Ali that he would draw two men's pay, which seemed like a nice idea until they handed him two rifles and two knapsacks which they said he would have to carry while he drilled and marched twice as much as anyone else.

A Hindu Restaurant Man Registered Under Both His Business and Social Names. "You'll Draw Two Men's Pay," Someone Told Him, "But You'll Have to Carry Two Rifles and Drill Twice as Hard."

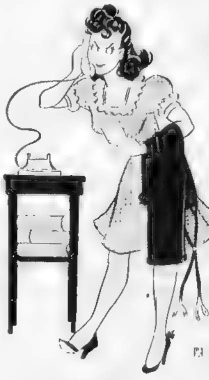
Gladys was not the only wife who wanted to see her husband in uniform. [illegible] Ohio matron requested the board to [illegible] husband for immediate service [illegible] he is running around with other women. Uncle Sam [illegible] a lot of [illegible] his soldiers but does not [illegible] them. However, a Lothario [illegible] Another Ohio spouse preferred to have her husband in the army rather than living with her parents [illegible] asserting that he could not support [illegible]

IT MAY be all right for [illegible] inaccurate in stating [illegible] age but when a man does it he may [illegible] difficulties. In Greenville, South Carolina, several young men had to confess that they had added a few years onto their real ages in order to get married, which in time would bring them within the draft age. Now they had to tell the truth in order to stay home with their brides.

A [illegible] Texas [illegible] 19 [illegible] school [illegible]

In Tulsa [illegible] husband, though [illegible] to mark her real age [illegible] Her husband believed it [illegible] would have been well except that to be [illegible] her son's age of 36 [illegible] the draft limits. Her problem was to tell the truth to the draft board [illegible]

Draft [illegible] in the [illegible]



The Name and Telephone Number of a Lady Draft Board Clerk—to Whom Additional Data Was to Be Communicated—Almost Broke Up a Denver Couple's Happy Home

B[illegible] draft board [illegible]

[illegible] Virginia [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] army [illegible] stand straight.

A draft board [illegible] North Carolina had one of its questionnaires [illegible] with the following information scrawled on the envelope:

"[illegible] left me for three months and I don't know where he is. Th[illegible]"

Great Queens of Egypt Who Have Gotten Lost

Queen Hatshepsut Usurped the Throne of Egypt 3,500 Years Ago and in Retaliation Her Successor Wiped Out Every Vestige of Her Reign. The Head of Hatshepsut (Above) Was Reconstructed From Fragments Found Scattered Over a Wide Area. The Portrait of Her (Right) by the Well Known Painter Winifred Brunton, Is Based on a Painstaking Study of All Available Scientific Data on Queen Hatshepsut and Her Time

Egypt Was Almost the Only Country in the World Where Recapture and Perpetuate in Death the Happiest Moments the Hope of Insuring an Eternal Life of Eternal Pleasure.

Ancient Wooden Head of Queen Tiy, Wife of Pharaoh Amenhotep III and One of the Most Remarkable Women in Egyptian History. Above Is a Winifred Brunton Portrait of Her.

By GENEVIEVE TABOUIS,

Distinguished Archeologist and Author of "Nebuchadnezzar," "Tut Ankh Amen," and "Solomon"

[illegible]

"WHERE are the snows of yesteryear?" asks the French poet, Francois Villon, in his "Ballade of Old Time Ladies."

"Where are the tombs of the lost queens of Egypt?" echo the archeologists.

"Where is Nitocris, who drowned the murderers of her brother, then sought refuge in a room full of ashes. Where is Queen Nafri, the lovely wife of Narmer, Egypt's first king? Where is the tomb of Hatshepsut, the gorgeous courtesan, who wore a beard and was the 'Queen Elizabeth' who made an empire of Egypt?"

These perplexing questions have lured scores of historians to Egypt, but, for the most part, the mystery of the lost queens is as difficult to solve as the riddle of the Sphinx.

Recently, excavations at Sakkara, the ancient burial-ground of Memphis, first capital of United Egypt, have uncovered the tomb of an unknown queen, the Pharaona Nebet, wife of Unas, one of the first Egyptian pharaohs.

Great importance is attributed to this discovery, made by Mr. W. B. Emery and Mr. Zaki Y. Saad, of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, because the discovery of a tomb usually discloses the whole passionate story of its occupant with the minutest details of daily life.

Egypt was almost the only country in the world where to die meant to realize the dream of a lifetime. The Egyptians believed that in their tombs they could recapture and perpetuate in death the happiest moments of their lives.

That is why kings and queens, nobles and commoners, put what they loved above everything into their tombs in the hope of insuring an eternal life of eternal pleasure.

Nebet, whose tomb has just been discovered, was unbelievably beautiful. On the walls of her tomb, she is shown in profile, sitting on her throne, with a lotus blossom in her hand, receiving her subjects. She must have been a great landowner, for bas-reliefs show slaves bringing offerings from 10 estates.

Nebet lived four thousand years ago, about [illegible]860 B.C., and her name is unknown in history, [illegible] or legend. Perhaps further details will be revealed about her life, and those of some of the other lost queens, when the two scientists tackle the job of deciphering the wall inscriptions and hieroglyphics.

ONE peculiarity of Egyptian queens was that they married their brothers, according to tradition which held that brothers and sisters must be united.

Thus, the lost Queen Ahouri, daughter of King Menephta described her marriage in the following way:

"My name is Ahouri, and the man you see at my side is my brother Nenofer Keptah. I love my brother, and I do not wish for another husband. Pharaoh, my father, found me beautiful, but Pharaona, my mother, said to him: 'Could we not marry Ahouri profitably to a general in the infantry?'

"But the King answered: 'Ahouri our daughter loves her elder brother. Is it not the law to marry them?'"

So, that same night she was taken to the house of her brother.

"So they took me as a bride to the house of Nenofer Keptah. My brother spent a happy day with me – for each of us loved the other and when the time came for me to give life to a child, I had the little child which stands before it."

All Pharaohs married their sisters, half sisters or nearest relatives until the Egyptian Napoleon, the great Pharaoh Thutmose and his descendants conquered an Asiatic Empire and brought about a new formula for ancient royalty – marriage by alliance.

What a disappointment to have found the tomb of Queen Nitocris empty! She was the sister and wife of the Pharaoh Micerenus who was assassinated by his brother Kephren.

Long before Sarah Bernhardt, Nitokris slept in a coffin of blue basalt which she had placed in the center of the gigantic pyramid where Micerenus had been buried. She sought revenge for the death of her husband, and built a subterranean city in order to give a feast there. She invited all the members of the Egyptian nobility whom she suspected of having had a part in the plot against her husband. And, during the feast, she had the waters of the river conducted through a channel, and all the guests were drowned.

It would be of great interest if discoveries of the kind the two scientists have just made could be continued. For, besides the tales of Herodotus, nothing of the lives of Egyptian queens is known, from Nafri, the wife of Narmer, first king of Egypt who founded his dynasty in the city of Tanis, to the first Theban Empire of Thutmose.

Were Egyptian queens faithful wives?

I doubt it! According to Herodotus, Egyptian husbands were the most unfortunate of men. He illustrates his point with the following anecdote:

"The gods promised Pharaoh, who for his lack of piety had been condemned to blindness, the return of his eyesight if he could find a woman who was true to her husband. Pharaoh, thereupon summoned his queen, then her ladies-in-waiting, then ladies of the city, country-women, slaves... and the poor Pharaoh still could see nothing! He finally found the remedy to his infirmity—but only because he called upon non-Egyptian women!"

And as to the Pharaohs themselves, from early youth the proverb of the scribe Anai had been repeated to them: "Beware of the foreign woman, unknown in her city. She is like deep and immense waters. Beware of her. Don't listen to her, it would be sin."

Nevertheless, Pharaohs like Thutmose, Amenhotep, Ramses had the most beautiful harems of antiquity, consisting of 400 or 500 women which produced 200 royal children. The intrigues and difficulties in which Egyptian queens constantly found themselves may easily be imagined.

How much we would wish, for example, to find the tomb of lost Ahmose, the first wife of the first great Egyptian conqueror, Thutmose I. Hers is the charming profile we know from the colonnades of the temples. It was she who, thanks to the god Amon, gave birth to the celebrated Queen Hatshepsut, the Egyptian "Queen Elizabeth."

Hatshepsut was the only Egyptian queen who had the right to wear a beard—a small false beard of gold, which curled curiously at the end, and which was only worn by the Pharaohs as the symbol of extreme power.

She married her brother Thutmose III in order to induce the god Amon's priests to falsify a divine genealogy for her by saying that a union between her mother and the god had taken place. As a reward she gave the priests immense power by increasing their wealth, and thereby giving the Egyptian high priests political power nearly as great as that of the Pharaoh himself.

Finally she reigned and undertook great colonial expeditions. Like Queen Elizabeth of England she equipped a whole fleet to discover some mysterious countries. From there she brought back incense "agreeable to the god's nostrils."

So that future centuries should know all her glorious past, she built an enormous temple in Der el-Bahri through the architect Senmut, and planned to spend her eternity there. She erected in the temple of the god Amon at Karnak a wonderful obelisk of pink granite engraved in the following manner:

"To the men to come. This is the light of the world. Nothing to be compared with it has ever been made since the world exists."

And, after having remained in power by means of terrible conspiracies, after having assassinated a few of her husbands, and after having married her daughter Hatshepsut II to Thutmose IV, she disappeared into history.

IT IS the second wife of the Pharaoh, Thutmose IV, the Queen Kilagipa, whom we know best of all. She was the daughter of Artatama, King of Mitanni, and had arrived at the Pharaoh's harem accompanied by 317 servants. Thutmose IV had successively sent seven ambassadors to Artatama before he could obtain beautiful Kilagipa's hand. These unimportant little Asiatic kings who had been conquered by the Pharaohs were distrustful, and one of the ambassadors was even kept in prison and tortured for seven years.

Finally, the eighth ambassador obtained the hand of the princess. It was the first time that an Asiatic queen reigned over the Egyptian court. But she disappeared a few months after her arrival. She was assassinated through a conspiracy of other women in the harem who were jealous of her beauty.

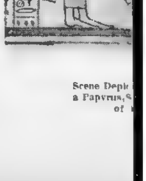
The Egyptian "Louis XIV" had a great love for a woman of low birth. King Amenhotep III married a laundress from Heliopolis, the city of the sun. Thus Tiy became queen of Egypt. Her enigmatic smile of a Mona Lisa, her lovely but piercing black eyes, her shapely head and her firm mouth attract our curiosity which is also captivated by the fact of her 96-year life.

Most archeologists up to 1910 believed that this woman was Asiatic. She is responsible for what is considered as "the great adventure of Egyptian history." It is the religious revolution to which she drove her son Amenhotep IV in order to abolish the power of the clergy of the god Amon, as well as all traditions and etiquette of the Egyptian court.

Obstinately, she refused to go out, and she refused also to glance at the famous Babylonian Princess Kalimasil, daughter of the King of Kardaniash, whom Amenhotep III had asked to enter his harem as a queen.

It is likely that she was involved in the conspiracy which, after two years, brought about the mysterious death of this princess.

She organized the famous reception arranged by the 380 women of the harem of Amenhotep III in honor of the ambassador of the poor King, anxious to know about his daughter. The ambassador from Kardaniash, not seeing his princess among the gay and

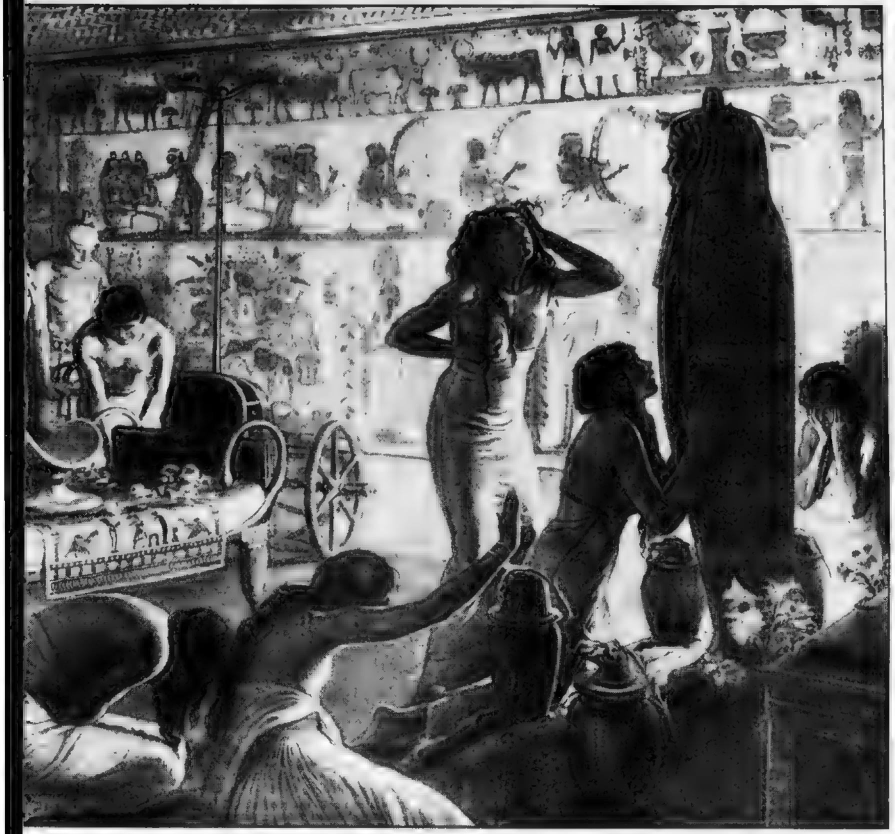


Scene Depi

a Papyrus, S

of

At Last Archeologists Have Found the Tomb of the Unknown Pharaona Nebet, at Sakkara, Which Holds the Key to the Mystery of the Vanished Queens, and Which, the Scientists Hope, Will Help to Identify Those Other Ancient Ladies Whose Names and Deeds Historians Are Yearning to Record



Meant to Realize the Dream of a Lifetime. The Egyptians Believed That in Their Tombs They Could ir Lives. That Is Why the Pharaohs Put What They Loved Above Everything Into Their Tombs in tana's Painting — Farewell to the Departed — Shows the Final Presentation of Gifts in the Tomb Chapel.

cking young Egyptian women in their pleated ite dresses, questioned Amenhotep III about her t the Pharaoh answered

"Give your master this message. If the prin- would have died, I would not have hidden it om him."

But Kalimasil was never more seen

We hear from Queen Tiy again when, at e age of 80, she visits her son, Amenhotep IV, o in the meantime had moved the capital to ll el-Amarna. We hear how she is received in new palace by the intendant of the harem, iza, and then acclaimed by the people as fol- vs: "Here comes she who visits Aton, the god the sun. She, who arises in beauty at the hori- n of the sky."

IY disappears, and after her the most beautiful woman of Egypt arouses our curiosity, fertiti, the wife of Amenhotep IV

We can make out her time-table, day by day, 25 years.

This slender Asiatic princess with the large es of a gazelle, daughter of King Dushratta of tanni, had arrived in Thebes escorted by the at ambassador of Amenhotep III, Mane

It was Manes who had brought to Dushratta message of the Pharaoh: "What I give you a present now is nothing. But when you will e given me your daughter, the woman I want my son, the gifts will increase."

Dushratta replied to Manes

"May Nefertiti be seen in the center of prosperity in the country of my brother. My daughter, I give her to you."

Nefertiti involved Amenhotep IV together with her mother-in-law Tiy, in the strangest of adventures

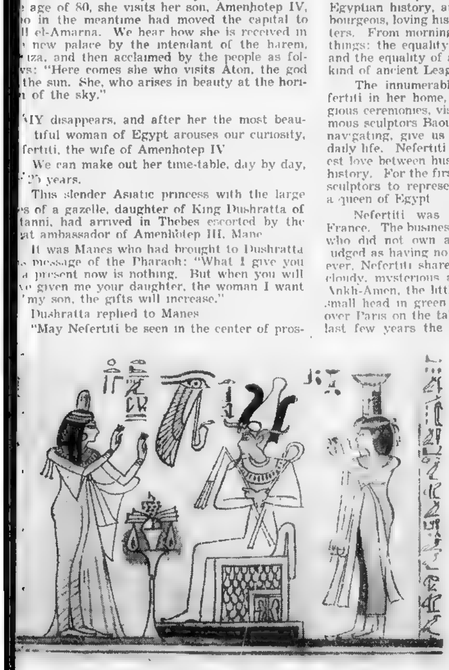
Under her influence young Amenhotep IV changed his gods. He worshiped the sun Aton, built a new capital, repudiated all traditions of Egyptian history, and lived the life of a good bourgeois, loving his queen and his seven daughters. From morning to night he preached two things: the equality of all men under the sun, and the equality of all nations under the sun, a kind of ancient League of Nations.

The innumerable bas-reliefs, showing Nefertiti in her home, in official receptions, religious ceremonies, visiting the studios of the famous sculptors Baouki and Aouta, hunting and navigating, give us a complete picture of her daily life. Nefertiti is the symbol of the greatest love between husband and wife in Egyptian history. For the first time a Pharaoh asked his sculptors to represent him embracing lovingly a queen of Egypt

Nefertiti was extremely fashionable in France. The business man or the political leader who did not own a reproduction of her was udged as having no culture whatsoever. However, Nefertiti shared this popularity with the cloudy, mysterious and romantic wife of Tut Ankh-Amen, the little queen of 17 years. Her small head in green pottery was to be found all over Paris on the tables of young lovers. In the last few years the typical romance for French students was that of young Tut-Ankh-Amen and his wife Ankh-Es-Amon, third daughter of Nefertiti and Amenhotep IV. Nefertiti never had a son, and by marrying one of her daughters to a son of Amenhotep IV she assured the succession of the throne.

FOR historians, the charming little queen with her fine and sweet features and young Tut-Ankh-Amen means one of the most important events of Egyptian history, the return of the Pharaoh to the ancestral capital of Thebes, the abandonment of the sun-worship, and the return to traditions

Through the discovery of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, Egyptian literature became fashionable in France. I, at this time a young debutante, used to write billets doux to my boy friends in the charming style of the love letters of the young royal couple. "Your love keeps me a prisoner, and my heart is the swing of your heart." Or, "your pretty friend whom your heart loves comes into the gardens, oh friend whom I love, for my heart pursues what you love Watch all the birds fly above Egypt; let us take them together. . ."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

the Adoration of Osiris, King of the Gods and Consort of Isis, From Found in the Tomb of Princess Entiu-ny Unearthed Near the Temple shepsut in Thebes. The Scene Was Beautifully Drawn and Colored by Some Unknown Ancient Artist.

Limestone Bust of Queen Nefertiti, Beloved Wife of Pharaoh Amenhotep IV and the Loveliest Woman of Antiquity. At the Left Is a Brunton Portrait of the Royal Beauty.

The private life of this young little Ankh-Es-Amon has been disclosed to the world by the objects found in the tomb of the young Pharaoh We see the couple anointing each other with fragrant oils in their boudoir, or going to hunt tenderly embracing each other on the same chariot.

The mysterious and dramatic death of the little queen is told to us in the diplomatic archives of the capital of a great and forgotten empire, Boghas-Keui. Perhaps her tomb will be found some day

The queens of Egypt were granted 70 days to prepare their husband's funeral and to find another husband who could become Pharaoh. No sooner had Tut-Ankh-Amen died, than Ankh-Es-Amon wrote to the king of the Hittites

"My husband is dead and I have been told that you have sons. Send me one, I will make him my husband and he will become King of Egypt."

She sent this message, but the King of the Hittites distrustfully replied:

"You have surely a son from your husband What has become of him that you make me such propositions?"

And the little queen, not loosing courage, sent another message

"Why should I deceive you? I have no son My husband is dead. Send me your son, and I shall make him king. But make haste."

Finally, the 70 days passed and the long awaited bridegroom did not arrive. He never arrived. The Belgian scientist Capart, tells us in one of his latest works, that the Hittite prince had been assassinated by Egyptian emissaries of the new Pharaoh, Horem Heb

The last we see of the romantic little queen is her picture as she stands in the funerary boat which carries the mummy of Tut-Ankh-Amen into the valley of the kings for his eternal rest

"Oh, my beloved husband," she cries, "remain here Alas you go over the river; oh sailors, do not haste; for he goes away into eternity."

And the priests and singers of Amon accompanied by harps sing the funeral song of the Pharaoh

"What is the greatness of this world? To [illegible] in the country of justice where nobody [illegible]."

The desperate little queen had to return alone to the [illegible] where a conspiracy of the harem very soon put an end to her inopportune existence.

THEN we reach the period of the highest Egyptian culture and civilization. The Thebes of Ramses II and Ramses III is comparable to New York, Paris or London around 1927

It is with the 20th dynasty, around Ramses III and his wife Queen [illegible] that we live through the greatest drama of Egyptian history which is at the same time the turning point of the century

Its smallest details have been revealed by the

(Continued on Page 20)

SELF FICTION

WHEN A GIRL'S IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 10)

though it was a travesty of a smile, feverish and a little wild.

"I'll be all right, Miles. I will, really. I'm not going to break. I'll be—quite all right." But Miles did not like the laughter that came thinly, nor the tilt of her head, nor the raw agony that was quivering in her eyes.

But he said only, "All right, [illegible]. If it gets to [illegible] for you [illegible] scream."

He [illegible] were worried when the [illegible] and Rosemary [illegible] appeared to [illegible] She was full of [illegible] too much and [illegible] too much and [illegible] half drunk and her [illegible] Miles [illegible] to expression.

[illegible]

The [illegible] that [illegible] over her face [illegible] from her [illegible] to her [illegible]

[illegible] Miles [illegible] that girl [illegible]

[illegible] said Miles, dryly. [illegible] She had [illegible]

[illegible] pathetic and [illegible] Never keep a [illegible] Miles [illegible] when it [illegible] poisons and the [illegible]

Still [illegible] her head still up [illegible] the lawn with his [illegible] Miles [illegible] had [illegible] everything on her [illegible] poor little Rosemary was only a pathetic [illegible] on the outside of the wall.

He [illegible] use to take Rosemary [illegible] to New York that night. He could not endure [illegible] recklessness [illegible] Her eyes were too [illegible] too [illegible] eloquently.

[illegible] you [illegible] that long distance call, [illegible] Miles? Please don't [illegible] about me. It doesn't matter [illegible] I am or what I [illegible]"

[illegible] to a young woman named Rosemary Mallard. She was a pretty fine person when I knew her last. A little too fine to let one man knock the props out from under her, make her see life at a crazy cock-eyed angle."

"Perhaps she's seeing it straight for the first time in her life. Perhaps that's the answer. The fog has cleared and all the raw shapes of things as they are stand out with all their ugly corners and edges. It was a lovely fog, all made up of the perfume of orange blossoms and spring on the sea — and little dreams with butterfly wings.

"All that pitiful, romantic stuff. It was like being drunk on perfumed wine, and then getting a very bleak hangover. That's what is happening to your Rosemary Mallard now. But she'll come out of it. She'll get the taste of gall and wormwood out of her mouth, but the thing is, what is there to come out of it for?" Her voice broke hollowly.

"For yourself. For your pride," Miles said soberly.

"You make me laugh, Miles—talking about my pride! If I had any, as much as could be put on the end of a pin—I'd have drowned myself in the East River before ever I set foot in that horrible house! You knew it, didn't you? But you were too kind to jolt me out of my ridiculous madness. But I'm sane now, horribly sane. And I do have pride—a fierce kind, the kind that laughs."

Watching the Crowds Hurry Ashore, Rosemary Observed With a Start, a Woman Standing Alone Under a Flood Light, Obviously Waiting to Come Aboard. That White Hair—Lorna Patrick!

Miles was not alone in his puzzled anxiety. For two days Vicki watched her daughter with troubled eyes.

"You've changed your attitude so definitely, Rosemary. You were so indifferent to this cruise and to Haynes too, and now you're suggesting that you telephone him and ask him to go. I'm pleased of course, and so relieved that you have waked up and gotten a better outlook, but I can't help but wonder if there's some reason for your changed viewpoint? Have you had a letter I haven't known about, or anything?"

Rosemary rubbed lipstick on her lips languidly, shaping it with her little finger.

"No letters, mother. And don't wonder. It makes little wrinkles around your eyes. And I thought you were all for Haynes and his woolly lambs?"

"Oh, I am. It's the perfect arrangement—if only you can get rid of your odd prejudices. You love the country and a quiet life—"

Quiet! Oh, never quiet any more! No more silences into which memory could come rushing, never another sail like a moth-wing against blue water, never again the fragrance of orange trees blooming.

"Thank you, mother, but I think I'm quite finished with the quiet life. From now on I want something happening every minute—every second—" she caught herself before she grew shrill. "If this boat doesn't have a band on it, cancel the reservations."

VICKI drew a long breath. I never could understand your father's moods, Rosemary. Perhaps I'm doomed never to understand you. But it is a relief not to be made to feel that I'm dragging you around against your will. Are you going to talk to Haynes? If you urge him I'm quite sure he'll agree to go with us."

She called Haynes at night, and was a little upset by the enthusiasm, the loverly rush of words, with which he accepted. But after all, nothing mattered. So much better to have Haynes adoring her—eager to please—so much better than being torn and tortured by hopeless love herself.

Vicki was being annoying, by being too motherly and effusive. Her everlasting "Darling, you know I want your happiness always. You are all I have to live for now," wore on Rosemary's nerves, wrenched at her patience.

"Yes, mother, I know."

Life would be so much easier if it didn't have to be discussed and analysed, if people wouldn't talk about it so much. She braced herself to meet Haynes. His voice over the telephone had told her what she might expect.

He would arrive all aglow and ardent, possessive and confident—and she—but what difference did it make? She might as well marry Haynes, as to go on with this futile kind of life that Vicki wanted. To marry Haynes would settle everything, kill forever perhaps, this tormented pull at her heart—and Vicki would be happy.

"Someone might as well be happy," she told her pillow sadly at night.

But when a freighter whistled, far and lonely, across the grey width of the river, pain caught at her like steel fingers, and then she remembered that the Santa Alicia would go down the Florida coast.

She would see again the dim palm-fringed line of jade that was the shore she loved, perhaps there might even be a patch of sail that would be the Honolulu Daisy, a flick of white no bigger than a tern's wing.

She slept very badly after that and looked up the route of the cruise early in the morning. The

(Continued on Page 15)

Awaken Your Sleeping Beauty!

PARK & TILFORD
Face Powder

NEW BEAUTY IS YOURS! . . . with Park & Tilford Face Powder. Fashion smart shades! Unbelievably fine—stays on for hours! Blends perfectly with your skin—never cakes! Perfect! Try it—today. $1.00, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes at Drug, Dept. and 10¢ Stores

Smart women also use Park & Tilford
PERFUMES, LIPSTICKS, ROUGES & PERFUMED DEODORANT

The Face Powder that has EVERYTHING!

NOW! A GRANULATED SOAP FOR [illegible] IN YOUR WASH! TRY DUZ
PROCTER & GAMBLE'S BRAND-NEW SOAP FOR ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!
1 MY DIRTY TOWELS—LOOK HOW MUCH WHITER [illegible] DOES 'EM!
2 AND GRIMY PLAY-CLOTHES! MOM SAYS DUZ SOAKS DIRT LOOSE IN TEN MINUTES!
3 IT'S GRAND! DUZ IS SAFE FOR DAINTY UNDIES, TOO, AND EASY ON THE HANDS!
DUZ
HOORAY! DUZ DOES EVERYTHING!!

[illegible]
Yet SAFE even for DAINTY RAYONS!

Chances are you've never used a soap like DUZ before. For DUZ is different . . . remarkably different . . . from old-fashioned granulated soaps.

DUZ is an unusually rich kind of soap . . . with the hardest-working kind of sudsing material known to science. That's where DUZ gets the power to get towels [illegible] 25% whiter than many washday soaps we've tested. That's why even the strongest granulated soaps can't get grimy clothes clean any easier than DUZ.

Yet DUZ is far safer—far easier on the hands. DUZ, you see, has such tremendous cleaning power in itself it doesn't have to be loaded down with strong chemicals. With DUZ you can put your dainty rayon slips—even your nice, colored washable dresses—right in the machine . . . and see them come out bright and lovely.

Why pay for 2 or 3 kinds of soap today when DUZ does all 3 kinds of wash? Don't wait—get DUZ in its gay red-and-white package.

WONDERFULLY SNEEZE-FREE—It has no cloud of irritating dust to make you sneeze.

LORNA CHOOSES BETWEEN LOVE AND A CAREER.

(Continued from Page 11)

Santa Alicia stopped only at Miami. That meant that very likely it would head south quite far out in the Gulf Stream and perhaps the Sergeant would see a shadowy shape against the Eastern horizon and a blur of smoke drifting vaguely never knowing that his child was passing by.

Haynes was even more exuberant than she had feared when he arrived before noon. He appeared to take it for granted that his invitation settled everything that in telephoning to him she had surrendered at last. He was even eager to rush out and buy her a ring.

"Oh, no, Haynes," she protested, "I haven't promised anything. Nothing at all."

"But Rosemary—"

"I did invite you to go through the Canal with us. But we haven't reached the Canal yet. There's quite a lot of Atlantic Ocean, and after that the Straits and the Gulf and the Caribbean—I'm not sure. My geography was always a bit vague. And then we come out into the Pacific—or do we? Maps always bewilder me. I inherited mother's fluffy brain I think. Father was always so direct and perfectly oriented. But I'm not engaged to you yet, Haynes."

"Rosemary, if I weren't quite mad about you I'd say that you were the most adorable, perverse, infuriating creature alive!"

"But being quite mad about me, you're controlling your rages by terrific effort. Haynes, my pet! Oh, please, let's not argue. Can't we just have fun—it is supposed to be fun, isn't it—this expedition? We aren't going for our health, are we? To persuade our aging arteries to cease hardening?"

"It's fun for you to see me writhing, no doubt. You're the angelic type who used to enjoy tying June-bugs on strings and putting paper shoes on kittens. All right, Iron Woman, it's a truce to the Canal. But no further, I warn you. I'm a man of peace but I can be goaded just so far."

THE bags came up again, and there were sheets of tissue paper and Vicki forgetting where her keys were, and then they were going down the harbor, with tugs fussing alongside. Rosemary looked at herself in the mirror of her stateroom dressing-table and wondered, dully if this were really Rosemary Mallard or some wooden girl who was wound up to say the right thing at the right moment, to dress for dinner and walk on deck in the spring moonlight, quite automatically, quite without feeling, not letting herself think or feel because that way lay anguish.

She watched the ship's progress and questioned the officers, tracing the course on the big map in the saloon. When they passed the stormy area east of Hatteras and gained the warmer Southern water, she grew absent and intent, only half hearing the things Haynes said, only half aware of what she was doing, pushing shuffle-board markers and chasing about at deck tennis, with her mind rushing ahead, searching the horizon to the south, straining as though it would draw her body after.

At Savannah the sharp, rank reek of the marshes came on the dawn air, and after that Rosemary walked like a girl in a dream. Haynes grew annoyed with her and Vicki was reproachful.

"After all, darling, Haynes is [illegible] have to be so vague and so different?"

"I'm not vague, mother. I danced with him five times last night."

"But when he spoke to you at lunch today you [illegible] Men are such [illegible] they resent neglect [illegible]"

But [illegible] Rosemary [illegible] well see it [illegible]

Rosemary [illegible] Haynes [illegible] "Are you still being [illegible] about that [illegible]?"

Rosemary's [illegible] Vicki uneasy. "Romantic," [illegible] repeated [illegible] "Mother, you don't know how tragic you are, really. And how naive. Do you think there is still romance in the world? There isn't, you know. There's nothing that can't be bought and [illegible] not even [illegible] I'm eager to see [illegible] I miss father. And I'm a [illegible] to Haynes as I [illegible] push [illegible] so."

VICKI'S answer was a sigh. She looked up the sailing schedule and was relieved to learn that the Santa Alicia traveled quite far off the entrance to the Sound, at night. She did not know that that was the night Rosemary spent on deck [illegible] ing close to the man on watch keeping her eyes to westward, watching for the channel lights that she knew, straining her eyes to see even one dim shadowy line that could be the shore.

There, under the old [illegible] trees [illegible] the [illegible] loved [illegible] the Sergeant [illegible] story that [illegible] had passed [illegible]

Down [illegible] be Jeff's little house, and somewhere the Daisy would be moored, dipping her slim [illegible] when the tide ran under. Every inch, every stone and shell [illegible] palmetto along that shore, she knew, every vagabond old palm tree, every blossom [illegible] hedge, every path and quaint nook.

She leaned far over the rail as though she would [illegible] tear herself out of this wooden [illegible] feeling body [illegible] winging across the tide [illegible] sea gulls flew. And she let herself cry terribly with great [illegible] sobs so that the worried sailor who hung about kept [illegible] eye on her. Women [illegible] overboard from boats before this. He brought a [illegible] way of precaution.

She watched until nearly dawn and then crept away to the [illegible] little cabin where Haynes' flowers died, fragrantly. He had had them sent, there were tons of them apparently, in cold storage on the boat, and every morning the boxes came in. Rosemary tore them out of the vases suddenly, and running up to the deck threw them far out into the sea.

That day she stayed in her cabin, pleading a headache, till quite late. Something had gone wrong with the engine, Vicki said. They were making very slow progress, they would be hours late into Miami.

But at last they docked, in the warm darkness, and Rosemary dressed and went on deck [illegible] ing Haynes, who was playing bridge with Vicki in the card room.

The Santa Alicia was being eased in to the landing, and [illegible] the west flicked the [illegible] lights of the magic city. Crowds of people seemed to be waiting on the dock, and Rosemary looked at them [illegible] when the gangplank [illegible] and other crowds hurried ashore [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] little [illegible] food [illegible] Rosemary [illegible] stop.

The [illegible] trick!

XXIII

PUZZLED, Rosemary [illegible]

[illegible] Rosemary [illegible]

[illegible] Lorna [illegible]

Rosemary [illegible]

[illegible] Rosemary [illegible] leaving Florida.

Oh, my dear [illegible] along down [illegible]

[illegible] Rosemary [illegible]

I've been [illegible]

[illegible] Rosemary [illegible]

My [illegible]

[illegible] father [illegible]

[illegible] Vicki [illegible] she [illegible]

(Continued on Page 17)

Next Week—A New Serial with a Powerful Appeal to Every Reader

By Katharine Newlin Burt.

CAN a girl's extraordinary beauty prove her greatest handicap? Lucy Grange had such beauty—a flawless loveliness of face and figure that stirred the envy of women and won the awed admiration of men. But it also cast over her a hidden shadow.

How that shadow threatened to wreck her life and what happened in her desperate battle for love and happiness is graphically told by a nationally-famous author in an impressive new story called:

FATAL GIFT

Don't Miss the First Instalment of This New Serial Beginning Next Week in The American Weekly.

ARE YOU A GOOD COOK?

Have you found some novel way to pull a meal out of the doldrums with a recipe that adds zest to an ordinary dish?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PAYS $5 for each recipe selected and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Turn your experience in cookery into profit.

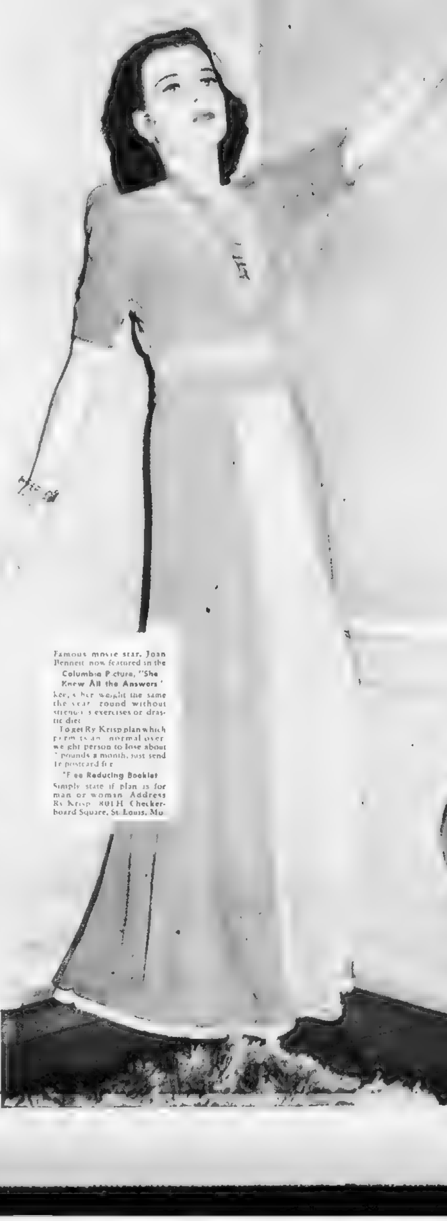
AT ALL LEADING STORES

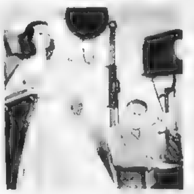
Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES ONCE OVERS
There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!

Send for free Foundation Style Booklet BN
Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Joan Bennett tells how to be slim...

and serve food that everyone enjoys





Movie stars must watch their figures and they must keep fit, too! That's why I like Ry-Krisp. Following the plan in the Ry-Krisp reducing booklet,* you can choose foods that keep your energy up and plan low-calorie meals that even a husband will rave about. A swim or brisk walk regularly, helps your muscles [illegible] And of course Ry-Krisp as bread is important in reducing because each delicious wafer has only 23 calories.

Joan Bennett

Ry-Krisp, Big Hit with Men at Joan's Hollywood Parties

"I knew the women would be glad I served Ry-Krisp," says Miss Bennett "because most of them were movie stars and this crisp bread is part of their figure control regime. But I had no idea Ry-Krisp would be such a hit with men. Come to think of it, though, Ry-Krisp is just like Swedish hard rye bread, only better! It has that good rye flavor men like!"

If you haven't tried Ry-Krisp lately, you're in for a grand surprise! The new wafers are extra crisp, finer in texture, more delicious than ever . . . and each wafer is scored so that it breaks easily into two little squares. Just the right size for appetizers.

Try Ry-Krisp . . . with soups, salads, cheese, fruit juices. Enjoy it as an every-meal bread. Remember, Ry-Krisp is as wholesome as it is delicious, supplies vitamin B_1, helps to keep you "regular."

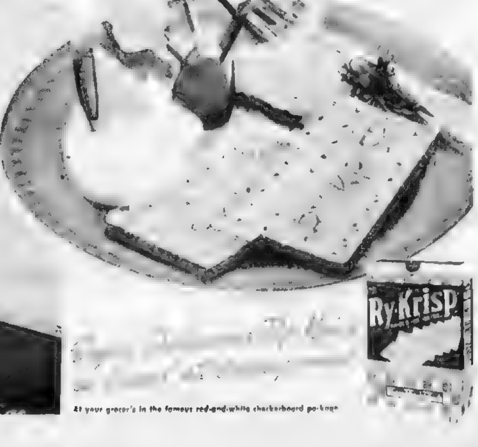
Famous movie star, Joan Bennett now featured in the **Columbia Picture, "She Knew All the Answers"** keeps her weight the same the year round without strenuous exercises or drastic diet.

To get Ry-Krisp plan which permits an normal overweight person to lose about 7 pounds a month, just send 1c postcard for

"Free Reducing Booklet"

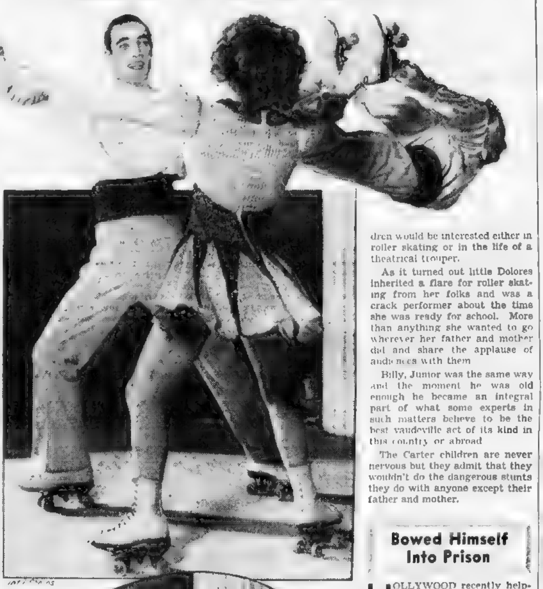
Simply state if plan is for man or woman. Address Ry-Krisp, 801H Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Try these Hollywood Cheese Appetizers! Cut American cheese with cookie cutters. Form soft cheese on a square of carrot, roll in grated carrot. Stuff hard cooked egg with mixture of yolk, cream cheese, mayonnaise, seasonings, add carrot slice and green pepper strip for sailboat effect. (Photo shows individual serving selected from appetizer tray.)



At your grocer's in the famous red-and-white checkerboard package

The FAMILY THAT'S ROLLED A MILLION MILES



The Climax of the Speedy Act Sends the Whole Carter Family Spinning, With the Two Youngsters in Mid-air While Their Father and Mother Thrill Them With Their Spectacular Part in the So-Called "Flying Double Lift."

They Call Themselves the Skating Carters and They Whirl Dizzily From One End of the Western Hemisphere to the Other

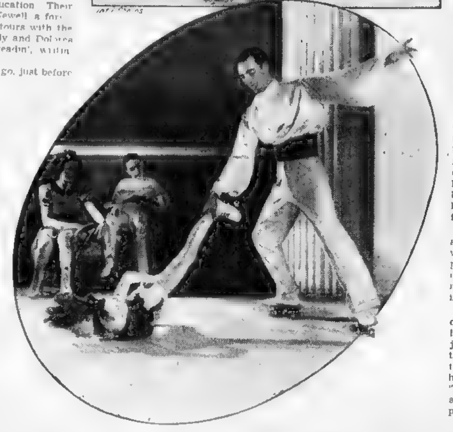
THEY don't plant "taters." They don't plant cotton But the Carters of New Haven, Connecticut, just keep rolling along at a time when vaudeville is being spoken of everywhere in the past tense that is when it is [illegible]

The Skating Carters [illegible] Bill [illegible] about the [illegible] and any [illegible] the world. Bill and Chickie were a great double turn before Billy and Dolores came along. Billy, Jr., is eight [illegible] and sister Dolores is nine, [illegible] a [illegible] part of the act that Mom and Pop often find themselves wondering how ever they managed to get along on their own before the youngsters came into the team.

By rough figuring Mr and Mrs. Carter estimate that they and their offsprings have traveled well over a million [illegible] not on steamers and trains but on their gleaming roller skates. If the circles they cut in one performance were stretched out end to end only an expert mathematician could figure out the distance covered It would be considerable—probably hundreds of miles in a single week's performances.

Maybe you have seen the skating Carters They've appeared all over the United States Canada, Central and South America and were all set for an engagement in the ritzy Winter Garden in Berlin when the war called all bets off. But even if you have seen the Carters in acrobatic action, you have never seen them as you see them in the photographs on this page. The action is so fast in certain phases of the Carter act that the human eye is not nearly fast enough to keep up with it. This series of pictures was made with the Speedray method that permits photography at speeds as high as 1/100,000th of a second—fast enough to freeze any action

The Carter children, although now seasoned troupers, are not neglecting their education Their Aunt, Mrs Alice Newell a former school teacher, tours with the act and makes Billy and Dolores toe the line for readin', writin' and 'rithmetic



Papa Carter Holds Daughter Dolores by One Leg and Spins Her Nearer and Nearer to the Floor Until She Lights a Match Held Between Her Teeth. Mama Carter and Bill Junior Rest During This Maneuver.

Some ten years ago, just before Dolores was born, the Carters were in something of a quandary They hoped that any youngsters they had might eventually become part of their act, but they weren't sure whether their children would be interested either in roller skating or in the life of a theatrical trouper.

As it turned out little Dolores inherited a flare for roller skating from her folks and was a crack performer about the time she was ready for school. More than anything she wanted to go wherever her father and mother did and share the applause of audiences with them

Billy, Junior was the same way and the moment he was old enough he became an integral part of what some experts in such matters believe to be the best vaudeville act of its kind in this country or abroad

The Carter children are never nervous but they admit that they wouldn't do the dangerous stunts they do with anyone except their father and mother.

Bowed Himself Into Prison

HOLLYWOOD recently helped indirectly to capture an escaped German prisoner of war in England The fugitive betrayed himself to a zealous film fan when he forgot himself and followed the mannerism of a German soldier

Wearing gray flannel trousers, sports jacket, and a checked cap, the escaped man boarded a bus traveling from Sheffield to Gainsborough and asked the conductor for a return ticket. When he received the ticket he so far forgot himself as to click his heels and bow, as so many Hollywood films have depicted the typical uniformed German as doing.

Conductor Colin Spittle, an ardent film fan, already had been warned that an escaped German prisoner was at large so he immediately recognized the tell-tale mannerism and at the next stop informed his driver.

Spittle took no action until his driver pulled up alongside a policeman Then the alert conductor jumped out, told the officer and the man was arrested. He was the escaped prisoner. "I knew the heel click and the bow were 'Thank you' in German," Spittle said. "I've seen it so often on the pictures."

The Year's Best Dog Story

PRINCE is a registered Pointer dog owned by Albert Moore, of Fairfield Maine Winter was almost over when he and a dog pal raced out on the ice coated Kennebec River and crossed to within 50 feet of the opposite shore. Suddenly the thin ice broke and both animals went tumbling into the swift and treacherous river.

Frantically they tried with swift-paddling forepaws to climb up the insecure edge of ice but it gave away again and again. For more than 20 minutes they struggled growing weaker.

A crowd soon gathered on the shore. And someone called the firemen. One of them tried to cross the ice but he broke through and was hauled out with difficulty. Other firemen were laying ladders across the rotten ice when two dark furry bodies dashed out from nowhere.

It was a rescuing party of two other dogs who instinctively sensed the plight of their canine friends. They seized each struggling animal by the back of the neck and actually towed them to shore. One dog victim and his rescuer made off like lightning before anyone could learn who owned them

But the Pointer was so chilled and weakened that he lay exhausted on the snow covered bank. And the dog that had dragged him there did not desert him. With more than ordinary human intelligence he nosed and licked him until the Pointer's circulation was restored and he could stand again. Only then did this dog hero trot off.

He was Major a mongrel owned by William Donahue of Burrill Street in Fairfield. Since puppyhood he has had only one eye as he had lost the other in a mix up with a big cat.

Major's better than human intelligence will receive mention in a forthcoming issue of Our Dumb Animals and will be honored by the National Humane Education Society He has already been given the National Dog Hero Medal and has also been recommended for the Dog World's International Diploma of Honor. Mr. Donahue Major's owner says:

"The family was not aware of Major's heroism until a reporter came to the house to take his picture. Major is a wonderful watch dog and loves to play hide and seek with the children. And he also loves to swim, He would much rather swim across the river in Summer than ride in a boat."

Come Play

AMID THE STIRRING REMINDERS OF YOUR COUNTRY'S PAST!

[illegible] Massachusetts [illegible] beginning [illegible] got in the same secrets countryside that echoed to the ride of Paul Revere [illegible] Philip [illegible] the Pilgrims [illegible] given the old Bay State its fame for fine foods

Yes Massachusetts gives you a vacation with all the comforts and pleasures of today enriched with the romance of the past. Be your vacation [illegible] Massachusetts will welcome you and make you happy.

WRITE FOR THIS HANDSOME BOOKLET
Play where America was born in MASSACHUSETTS
MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT AND INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION State House Boston Mass Dept [illegible]
[illegible] All New England
Name
Street
City State

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

Guard Your Charm—
avoid underarm odor with MUM!

After every bath keep underarms fresh with quick, convenient MUM

EVERY WALTZ, every rhumba is an invitation to underarm odor. Don't risk offending—play safe with smooth, creamy, dependable Mum. Remember, a bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum under each arm—guards you from underarm odor all day—or all evening.

HANDY—30 seconds for Mum, and underarms stay fresh for hours. Use it even *after* you're dressed.

SAFE—Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. Safe even after underarm shaving.

DEFENDABLE—Men, too, like Mum because it does not stop perspiration, yet *does* stop odor all day, all evening long

● *Avoid worry and embarrassment—Use Mum on Sanitary Napkins, too.*

GET MUM TODAY!
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"..such a Kissable little FACE—so Satin-Smooth"

Endorsed by Alix of Paris Famous Fashion Originator

READ WHAT USERS SAY . . . "*My skin looks so fresh,*" writes Mrs. Paul Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa. "I'm thrilled with Jergens Face Cream. (Have used Jergens Lotion for years.)"

Dry Skin has no charm;
cultivate lovely smoothness with this new
"ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment

IT'S SO easy now—the busiest woman can give her face complete smooth skin care every day! One cream is all you need—this new Jergens Face Cream! Made by Jergens skin scientists.

See how many purposes Jergens Face Cream beautifully serves. It (1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) makes a suave foundation for powder; (4) is also a fragrant Night Cream that helps against drab, dry skin. And, girls, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early!

Alix the famous fashion originator—approves Jergens Face Cream. Really a "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. Give your face this swift, effective daily care for "kissable" skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ $1.00 a jar, at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure.

ALL-PURPOSE . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES
JERGENS FACE CREAM
FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.
(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 2008 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada Perth, Ontario)
Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.
Name
Street
City State

BIFF . . . STIFF! AND QUICK RELIEF!

Help Nature Reduce FATIGUE ACIDS in Sore Muscles

● If your last game of golf leaves muscles sore and stiff [illegible] your extra effort has caused [illegible] a cumulation of fatigue [illegible] That's one of the [illegible] your muscles hurt But here's good news! Fortunately most of the muscle tissues affected can be reached by the fast, stimulating action of Absorbine Jr

Relief! Splash your sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids This helps reduce swelling—ease pain and stiffness Then your muscles can relax again Keep Absorbine Jr handy. At all druggists $1.25 a bottle

For FREE SAMPLE write W F Young Inc, 39-H Lyman St, Springfield, Massachusetts

ABSORBINE JR.
Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe*. You get

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation Your eyes feel *refreshed* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and safe. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

BOY! YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT SAYMAN LATHER

Want a really delightful surprise? Just get your [illegible] Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap [illegible] your bath, [illegible] rich, creamy lather it gives . . . feel it quickly whisk away dirt, grease and grime . . . revel in that soft, smooth clean feeling! Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or alkali water . . . even in salt water. Get a bar and try it. You'll [illegible] WONDERFUL. At drug, grocery, department and variety stores.

SPECIAL OFFER: Mail 25 cents COIN [illegible] pair of lovely 3-Thread Sh[illegible] in newest shade of Bali be[illegible] and toe, PRINT name [illegible] size on wrapper from Sayman's [illegible] table Wonder Soap. Send one wrapper [illegible] 25¢ COIN for each pair wanted. No Limit

SAYMAN'S Vegetable Wonder SOAP

Your Natural Beauty brought out with aid of Mercolized Wax Cream

Try this famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, dull or darkened surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. This complexion lightener used as directed reveals the whiter, newer underskin.

Saxolite Astringent tightens loose surface skin Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening.

Tarkroot Beauty Mask—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will [illegible] it.

New FOOT RELIEF!
Quickly Relieves Pain, Lifts Shoe Pressure, Stops Shoe Friction

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—a superior velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning, protective, flesh color foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort Prevents corns, sore toes, blisters.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical!

At Drug, Shoe, Dept and 10¢ Stores For FREE SAMPLE and Dr Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr Scholl's, Inc., Dept K, Chicago.

Easily cut to any size or shape

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing—Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

When a Girl's in Love

(Continued from Page 15)

and won't walk a step. How about wandering under the palms of the magic city, till this tub is ready to sail."

She might as well go she decided. She put on a little yellow beret and buttoned a light green coat about her.

"Daffodil," said Haynes, with a smile.

When they were off the dock and walking slowly down the lighted boulevard, Rosemary said "something rather grim has happened, Haynes. Lorna Patrick is aboard the boat—and I don't know how to tell mother."

Haynes began to laugh. "Modern comedy," he said. "The lovely Lorna will have a dramatic situation to put into one of her books. We should connive with the dining room steward and have her put at our table. But after all, Vicki is a modern woman. But it will be interesting to watch their reactions. I'm betting on Vicki."

"She's going to Hollywood—she practically walked out on my father, Haynes—" the thought had her, sharp and sudden—"he's there alone!"

"Perhaps he likes being alone? Didn't Vicki tell me that he liked living down there because he could be away from people?"

But Rosemary was hardly listening. Her mind was racing back again, northward, toward that quiet shore and a wild impulse gripped her. It grew and swelled in her breast, making her breath gusty, so that she was only half aware of Haynes, being loverly and pressing again.

He was saying, "Rosemary—this could be our honeymoon, you know! I brought you out here to talk about that. Why do we have to wait. It's days to the Canal—"

"I did not promise that anything would be settled at the Canal, Haynes. I said I'd make up my mind—but I may change it."

"But, darling, don't you see how useless it is? We're wasting so much lovely time! We could be happy—, we belong to each other—"

"No, Haynes—I belong to myself." Not to any man—unless it was the Sergeant, the Sergeant, there under the melancholy old trees, with the sea whispering sadness and the rain weeping through the leaves — the Sergeant, all alone! "I think we'd better get back now," she urged, "they're only staying here till something is replaced in the engine—they may sail at any time, the steward told me so."

ON board again, she said good-night, almost briskly.

"I really slept very little last night, Haynes. I'll go to bed, I think." And then she ran.

Down the long corridor and into her cabin, where the inevitable flowers made the air suffocating. The impulse had her now, she shut her ears against every reproving thought, against the small voice of conscience that told her that she was being disloyal to her mother. Only one idea possessed her — that brown gray-haired man whom she adored — who was left alone.

"I'm going home!" she said, a little fiercely to her mirror. "I'm going now! It's a foul thing to do to mother — but I'm going!"

Swiftly she bundled a few things together. Her jewelry, her letters—her purse. Did she have money enough? Eighteen dollars—that was enough. No clothes—somebody would observe her, carrying a bag ashore.

"I suppose I should leave a note on the pin cushion," she thought, dryly, "but I'm not even going to do that. They might follow and find me—"

[illegible] Slipping ashore was [illegible] Vicki was still in the card-room. Haynes was somewhere aboard. The Santa Alicia might leave in a few minutes. "Dear God!" she whispered a little prayer, as she ran along the dim dock. "Let the boat sail now—now, please God?"

There was little traffic on the wide street, because the hour was late, but a taxi came along presently and she hailed it.

"Take me to the bus station—and please drive fast."

All the way she kept listening for the hollow haunting hoot of the boat's whistle. At the station she hid in the woman's room, among tired limp women and sleeping babies, until the north-bound bus was ready.

And then at last she was on the road again, with the head-light making the wavering old palm trees cast absurd shadows, and the bumbling wheels carrying her quickly farther and farther away from San Francisco farther from Haynes and his love-making, farther from Vicki—and Lorna Patrick. And the next port for the Santa Alicia was New Orleans.

"I'll write mother a long letter—I'll send it by air and she'll have it at New Orleans," she told herself.

The bus was very slow, and it was very late when at last they stopped at the little cross-roads store that was nearest home. Rosemary got down into the darkness and silence, a little dismayed. She should have telephoned, of course, asked the Sergeant to meet her, but she had had an idea of walking in, being dramatic giving him a surprise.

A few dim lights burned here and there, but the few houses were dark. Not so far up the road lived one of her father's growers, a man named Murphy. He might be willing to get up and take her home in his truck or he might know a place where she could telephone.

SHE walked very rapidly along the dark highway, nervously watching every shadow. But nothing molested her and at last she stood on the echoing porch of the little Murphy house, and rapped timidly on the door. After what seemed ages, a dim light showed inside, and a woman's voice demanded to know who was there.

"It's Rosemary Mallard, Mrs. Murphy. I'm trying to get over home. I wonder if I could hire Mr. Murphy to take me over?"

Mrs. Murphy opened the door cautiously, clutching a night-gown around her.

"Land's sake!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were gone for good, Miss Mallard. Ed ain't here. And he took the truck with him."

"You haven't a telephone, have you? I could call my father."

"No, we ain't never had one. But there's a 'phone down at Vince Parker's fish-house. He sleeps in the back. You wait till I put on something and I'll walk down there with you. It's too dark for you to go alone."

"Oh, please—that's so much trouble for you—"

"No, it isn't. And I wouldn't let my girl go down there by herself this time of night—no telling who might be hanging round them docks. You come on the bus?"

"Yes, I came from Miami. I should have telephoned before I left but I was in a hurry."

They reached the odorous darkness of the fish-house after a little, and Mrs. Murphy lifted her voice in a shrill whoop.

"Vince! Get up and let us in. Mallard's girl is out here and she wants to telephone her father."

"Thank you all a lot," Rosemary was a little breathless when the door of the stuffy little office was opened by a lanky man only half awake. "I'm sorry to be such a trouble."

There was wait on the line, but presently she heard the Sergeant's voice, sharp and dry.

"Who is it?" he demanded. "Who's calling?"

Rosemary laughed. It was pure happiness hearing his barking tones again.

"This is your daughter, Sergeant Mallard. Your wandering daughter, come back home."

"Rosette—for Pete's sake—where are you?"

"I'm in Mr. Vince Parker's fish-house. And I'd like to come home if you don't mind. Will the Comtesse still run."

"But—I don't understand? Where's your mother?"

"She's in Miami—or sailing south on the Santa Alicia. I sneaked ashore and came home. Sergeant, I met Lorna—"

"I see. Lorna is on her way to California."

"So she told me. Please come for me, Sergeant? Mrs. Murphy is here with me, and I know she'd like to go back to bed. So would Mr. Parker."

"All right—wait there—"

"No, I'll wait on the porch of Mrs. Murphy's house. And hurry, Sergeant."

When the far distant rumble that was the heavy old Comtesse came to her ears, Rosemary's heart began to pound.

"I shall never go away from him again," she whispered over and over." Never, never again!"

But when the old car loomed in the darkness, beyond the gate she walked out a little slowly catching somehow her father's quiet mood. He got down and opened the door for her and all he said was, "Well, Rosette!"

She got in, feeling a trifle queer.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Sergeant?"

"Of course I'm glad to see you. But—I don't like your doing it this way. Does your mother know where you are?"

"I couldn't tell her—don't you see? There would have been an awful scene—and there was a man on the boat who wants to marry me—and mother wants it too. We can send mother a radiogram, can't we? You can telephone it as soon as we get home—and let her know I'm safe with you. Oh, Sergeant—I had to come—I was all broken to pieces. I didn't go to bed [illegible] night last night. I hung over [illegible]

(Continued on Page 18)

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue.

Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

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"Run along, son, father wants to end it all"
1
NOW, HENRY, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET, BUT YOU'LL FEEL BETTER WITH SOME HOT BREAKFAST INSIDE YOU...
OH, ALL RIGHT, BUT I THINK YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE....PEOPLE WITH UPSET STOMACHS SHOULD BE LEFT ENTIRELY ALONE
2
WELL, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T HUNGRY—AND THERE YOU'VE GONE AND EATEN EVERY BIT OF JERRY'S CREAM OF WHEAT. LUCKILY IT'S THE 5 MINUTE KIND AND THE REST OF US CAN HAVE ANOTHER BATCH IN A FEW MOMENTS...
DADDY, YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO DIE, ARE YOU?
WHAT A SILLY IDEA. WHY, I'VE JUST BEGUN TO LIVE!
3
CONFIDENTIALLY, WHEN YOU CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF EATING BREAKFAST, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT. IT SLIPS DOWN WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE—TASTES SWELL AND PUTS YOU ON YOUR FEET IN A JIFFY.
DAT AIN'T ALL! 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT COOKS TO FULL DIGESTIBILITY—EVEN FO' BABIES—IN JUST 5 MINUTES OF BOILING. IT GIVES YOU QUICK FOOD ENERGY PLUS VALUABLE BODY-BUILDERS. VITAMIN B₁ CALCIUM, PHOSPHORUS, IRON YET 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT COSTS LESS THAN A PENNY A SERVING!
NOW 2 KINDS
New! 5 Minute
REGULAR
CREAM OF WHEAT
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROSEMARY DEALS A FINAL BLOW TO HAYNES' HOPES.

(Continued from Page 17)

rail and cried because here was [illegible] and there was I And tonight [illegible] when Lorna came on [illegible]"

"I can understand your doing [illegible] I suppose I did things as impulsive and unfeeling I can remember a few But after all he is your mother, Rosemary"

"I know. I realize now that I was terribly selfish and callous I hope she hasn't missed me yet [illegible] might think I had gone [illegible] But you are my father too and we've belonged to each other so long. And after [illegible]"

She choked a little. She could not tell him yet about Jeff Not yet. Sometime perhaps she could remember that chilly house on Long Island without a stab of anguished shame. So she said "Do you want me to go back to mother?" a little flatly. "Don't you want me here?"

He was silent a moment and then cleared his throat roughly before he spoke

"I want you always Rosette This has been a pretty bad month for me. Usually April is gay and fine, but nothing has been gay lately. First you left me and then Jeff and Lorna and I feel [illegible] like [illegible]"

"But [illegible] old Sergeant [illegible] love her, didn't [illegible]"

"[illegible] me, Rosette [illegible] are any more. For a [illegible] I thought the world was [illegible] for me but lately I've been bothered with uncertainty [illegible] know if I could have made Lorna happy. I couldn't [illegible] Vicki happy. That's why—Rosette, can you understand me when I tell you that I don't want you to be too much like your father?

"I did the things I wanted to do when I wanted to do them, and if people were hurt I ignored that blandly. Just as you [illegible] tonight because you [illegible] home. It wasn't the fine thing to do."

"I'm sorry I see it now. But I can't go back I can't! I can't marry Haynes Hillis. Father something crawls inside my mind when Haynes touches me. I thought for a little after—I thought that nothing mattered that I could go through with it But I can't. That wouldn't be fine, either."

"No—you can't marry him—not if you have feelings like that."

"I do have them—and mother can't understand. She thinks it's obstinacy on my part. But—you can't make your heart do things it simply won't do!"

And then ahead looked the black shadow of the groves and the old mango trees, and the gate posts sprang out of the shadows. And through the leaves shone the dim lights that were home. Rosemary drew an aching breath

They both saw the car that stood before the house, its lights burning, at the same moment They both saw the slim figure silhouetted against the lighted open door. It was Mallard who [illegible]

"Vicki"

XXIV

THEY were both there. Her mother and Haynes. They had hired a fast car and come flying and for half an hour it seemed to Rosemary that every one talked at once and that the whole room, even the friendly old clock, was looking at her with outraged and reproachful eyes.

[illegible] Haynes [illegible]

"I went into your room—and there was no one there—" Vicki ran on, dabbing at her eyes, her slim, pretty hands shaking "How could you do such a thing to me Rosemary? I was beside myself and then a steward said you had gone ashore alone

"And then Hayes remembered that you had said something about your father and then was the horrible [illegible] and they [illegible] minute! They practically pulled the gangplank up under our feet as we went flying over into Miami. And now all our baggage is on the way to San [illegible]"

When the Man on the Stairs Spoke, Rosemary Sprang Up as Though She Had Been Struck. Jeff! Jeff's Voice in This House.

"[illegible] Mrs. Mallard, Georgie," the Sergeant said quietly "Blame me for this, Vicki. I failed to teach Rosemary how to discipline herself. I regret all this very much Sorry you have been upset. But you can take a plane, you know, and beat your boat to New Orleans, if you still want to go on with your cruise"

"I'm not going," Rosemary was a little grim. She had apologized so much, she had humbled herself and said she was sorry till it all sounded a little flat. "I'm terribly sorry I frightened you, mother—it was a childish thing to do. But I wanted to come home. I'm not going away any more"

Haynes said "Of course there's no point in catching the [illegible] again if Rosemary refuses to go [illegible] Vicki and I couldn't very well go on a cruise by ourselves I suppose the best procedure is to radio the ship and have all our baggage taken off at the first point and sent back to us."

"Haynes, I left my fox fur on the bed and my pearls are there," Vicki wailed "I suppose everything will be stolen"

"Not likely" Mallard was reassuring. "You have them insured anyway, haven't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Those awful things are always running out and having to be renewed—I never can remember about them." The wine slopped a little in her mother's glass, Rosemary saw. She was badly upset—but of course coming back to this house was a strain, seeing again the man to whom she had been married, seeing things almost as they had been years before when this was her home.

"At least we don't have to settle anything tonight, Vicki. You all look rather badly knocked to pieces—I suggest we all get a night's sleep. I can put you up in the cottage, Hillis. It's in order, I'm sure [illegible] Georgie, you fix a room for Mrs. Mallard. We'll discuss the situation tomorrow and decide what is to be done."

"We can do [illegible] everything except that I'm going on to San Francisco," Rosemary was dogged, "Because I'm not going"

"My dear child, you don't have to be brutal about it, you know, and hurl your defiances into people's faces. No one is going to compel you to go anywhere Now take your mother upstairs and find the things she needs."

"Emory, I don't think we should stay here"

"Nonsense, of course you'll stay here. There's not another place in miles. And as you suggested, you can hardly go traveling around with Hillis."

"If you don't mind," Haynes said a little aloofly, "I think I'll drive that car back to Miami I hired it for the night only. Perhaps tomorrow"

He doesn't want to stay around me, Rosemary was thinking Haynes had not been made to give in gracefully. He had to sulk a little and be dour and affronted and make people excruciatingly uncomfortable. And now because no one argued with him his injured air increased, so that by the time he was ready to go he was very lofty and offended. He held Rosemary's hand for a moment but she saw that his eyes were cold

"So, this is good-by, is it?"

"I'm sorry, Haynes— I have tried, really but this is good-by."

And then the little red lights of his car were vanishing into the darkness and the gloom of the trees and she knew that Haynes was gone, that he would never again come into her life

She tried to feel bereft a little, to feel a lack—but there was only a blankness and emptiness in her heart. Perhaps she would never be able to feel any more—perhaps she would be a woman of wood all her life

SHE went up the stairs with her mother to the south bedroom where the trade wind blew in Vicki was crying a little still thinly, and she dropped on the bed, when Georgie had turned it down and gone away

"Mother, please don't. I did try to fall in love with Haynes—I did truly. Now, take your clothes off and I'll get you a toothbrush and a nightie"

"I did so want you to have a happy life, Rosemary," Vicki mourned on. "Why in the world darling, did you put such silly draperies in this room? That pattern clashes with everything"

"Father thought it was gay." Rosemary would not betray the Sergeant and let her mother know that Lorna Patrick had had the house redecorated But she had already decided that now that Lorna was gone she would pull all the affected stuff down and hang the old faded, familiar curtains again "I keep forgetting that you lived in this house, mother I was so very young when you went away I suppose you bought all these things?"

"I took a great many of the things I had bought with me. But I did plan this room, with those windows all in the corner so that there would be wall spaces But of course this is Emory's house, entirely"

"That's partly the reason mother Don't you see that I would always have had to live in Haynes' house? With those dreary old portraits and the wind whistling through, because that was the way it had been since the Colony, practically?"

She helped Vicki to undress and tucked her in under the cool silk quilt. She closed the blinds, remembering Vicki's horror of early sunlight, and then bent and kissed her. Vicki reached her arms and held her tightly for a moment.

To Be Concluded Next Week.

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The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

What Uncle Sam Thinks About Old Tin Cans

D[illegible] the [illegible] idea [illegible] get lots of tin for defense needs is [illegible] cans [illegible] to yield 1 3 pounds of tin. This is because the tin is really only the thinnest of coating. Nearly all the can is steel

[illegible] small—there are millions of tin cans used each year so why not recover the tin in them?

But first those empty tin cans have to be collected and shipped to a tin recovery plant.

Experts of the Arthur D. Little Company [illegible] estimate that of the [illegible] tons of tinned sheet iron that goes each year into [illegible] recovered [illegible] the rest.

"The trouble with recovering this tin is that it usually costs more to ship the cans to a recovery plant than the metal is worth The cans must be crushed [illegible] can be shipped.

But it is hard enough to get the tin off uncrushed cans without trying to get it off a flat and wrinkled mass of metal.

But the exponent of detinning says, "Get off the tin and sell the steel as scrap"

[illegible] in tin cans is "tramp" scrap, for it has bits of tin [illegible]

[illegible] despite the fact [illegible] 000 tons [illegible] each year, or nearly a third of the annual consumption

But if tin shipments from the East Indies are cut off by the Japanese, the Government could set up its own recovery plants and never mind the cost

The Most Exclusive Cemetery in the World

WHAT is said to be the most exclusive cemetery in the world—Recoleto, the City of the Dead in Buenos Aires has now become so "exclusive" that it has a waiting list.

[illegible] literally have to wait their turn to be buried in Recoleto, which looks just like a miniature walled city in the heart of the Argentine capital.

Being hemmed in by the rest of the city, the cemetery, which is about an acre in size, cannot expand beyond its original walls, and as it is the most fashionable place to be buried, there are more candidates than space.

Laid out on the plan of most Spanish cities the City of the Dead has a main avenue, known as "la avenida" mosaic-paved and tree lined, leading to a central plaza, green with lawn and shrubs. The little streets, with alleys bi-secting each square block, are lighted by tall electroliers just as in a big city, and on each corner there is a hydrant, not for fire, but for watering the flowers and greenery.

And instead of office buildings, markets and shops the streets are fronted with elaborate vaults, one and two stories high, made of expensive imported stone and alabaster. Many of them are built like miniature cathedrals, bearing altars with ever-burning candles and steeples with leaded Gothic windows of colored glass.

In the sepulchers of each vault reposes one or more caskets containing the remains of Argentina's noble dead "Noble" has long been applied to those belonging to a family of enough wealth to afford the peso equivalent of $1 000 per square yard for the land on which to construct the vault and $1 000 a cubic yard for the crypt beneath.

The cemetery, which is now so full that new "tenants" are accepted only when "old ones" have been vacated [illegible] the official burial ground of Buenos Aires. The bones of the republic's famous soldiers and statesmen and of many presidents lie there

The original owner of the land Rodrigo Ortiz de A. Zarata, had no idea it would some day become the most valuable single acre of real estate in the whole of South America. So in 1604 he traded it to Francis de Beaumont Novaro for a suit of clothes

In 1716, King Felipe V of Spain, "so God would look favorably upon him," deeded the land to the Recoleto Franciscan Fathers, who used part of it for their own private cemetery. It became a municipal cemetery in 1822 The first "outsider" was buried there on November 18, 1822, a free slave named Juan Benito Reyes, whose dust, strangely enough, now mingles with that of presidents.

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A cool, sweet smoke is one of the joys of life. But it's no fun when you smoke too much and then suffer with a mean case of heartburn or one of those miserable "acid [illegible]"

Next time you're bothered that way—"jest" chew a "Jest" or two! These remarkable new antacid tablets are made especially to give relief from the discomforts caused by temporary excess stomach acidity.

You'll be amazed to see how *fast* "Jests" make you feel better. You'll be delighted to discover how much *longer* the relief lasts. A special added ingredient in "Jests," in effect, "sponges up" the excess acid as it forms in the stomach, thus helping to prolong the benefits

"Jests" are mint flavored to sweeten your mouth—and your stomach [illegible] They are not a laxative—not [illegible] Carry "Jests" with you always "Jest" in case! In handy rolls for pocket and purse [illegible] Brooklyn, N. Y.

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WONDERLANDS UNDER THE SEA

(Continued From Front Page)

[illegible] been seriously sug- [illegible]

[illegible] witness which to the uninitiated is as bewildering as is its variety of beauty. Many objects [illegible]

[illegible] creatures too weak [illegible] in reference to those violent colors and pronounced patterns [illegible]

Grass That Fights Snakes

A [illegible]

They Are Their Own Grandparents

C [illegible] naturally that [illegible]

Here's How to Find Out How Honest You Really Are

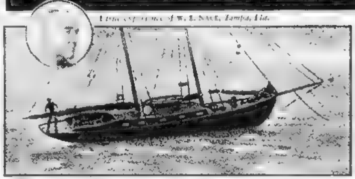
(See Page 6)

If your score is:

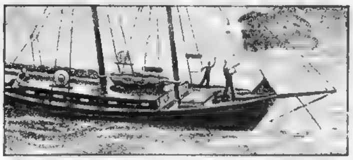
Over 500	You're Grand Exalted Sachem of the Liars' Club.
Between 500 and 300	You'd better not tell anyone about this.
Between 300 and 150	Pretty bad, but there's still hope for you
Between 150 and 80	Just passing. You'll be all right without too much temptation.
Between 80 and 40	Good. You're better than average
Between 40 and 20	It would be safe to lend you money
Between 20 and [illegible]	Page Diogenes! He's been looking for you
Between 10 and 0	You must have cheated. Add 50 to your score.

"THE MONSTROUS SHAPE BORE DOWN UPON US!"

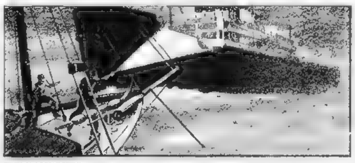
True experience of W. E. NACE, Tampa, Fla.



① **"WITH NO THOUGHT OF PERIL** we anchored our 40 ft. schooner off Tortugas Light, Florida, to wait out a peasoup fog," writes Mr. Nace. "We thought we were out of the steamer lane when we heard a fog horn, almost upon us!



② **"A LARGE STEAMSHIP** was bearing down on us amidships. We'd be crushed to a pulp by her towering bow! We blew our horn . . . beat on our bell . . . and screamed in [illegible] on. We prepared to jump.

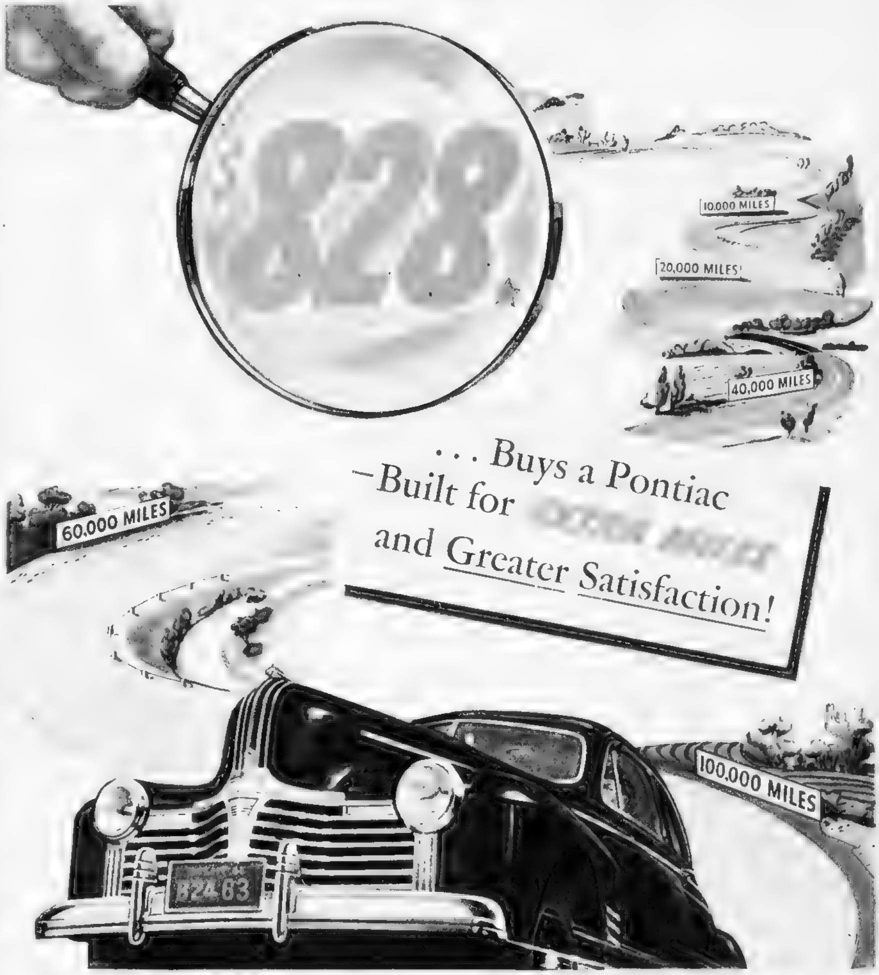


③ **"THEN I GRABBED** our flashlight…turned a strong beam towards the oncoming steamer. In nick of time it changed its course, missing us by scant feet. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries, our lives were saved.

W E Nace."

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.



A COMPARISON of prices will show that the Pontiac De Luxe "Torpedo" does cost a *little* more than the de luxe models of the *lowest-priced three.* However, this difference itself is not important. In fact, it is so slight that owners say it's hardly noticeable when spread over monthly payments.

But the extra dependability this slight difference buys *IS* important—and in our files are hundreds of letters from owners indicating that the phrase—"Built to Last 100,000 Miles"—only begins to describe Pontiac's long life and trouble-free performance. And when you add the scores of other advantages Pontiac provides, plus the fact that Pontiac's great reputation for dependability means it's worth more to you at trade-in time, then you'll understand why more people are buying Pontiac this year than ever before. Why don't *you* see your Pontiac dealer today?

*PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT $828 FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories, extra. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

[ONLY $25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL]

Pontiac

THE FINE CAR WITH THE LOW PRICE

SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER

HANDY CAN · MANY HOME USES · LOW PRICE
Ever-Ready Oil

"LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION"
In an instant I'm ready to help speed the opening [illegible] that cold blockade in your nose. Just a turn of my [illegible] and a couple of whiffs will bring you cooling [illegible] relief.
25¢ PENETRO INHALER

WHO SAID GOOD BLADES HAVE TO BE HIGH PRICED?
Marlin shavers say "We get more and better shaves for less money!"
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
DOUBLE EDGE 20 FOR 25¢
Single Edge 15 for 25¢
Free! 4 double or single edge blades. Write 90 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

THIS BABY NURSE DOESN'T FOOL AROUND WITH
DIAPER RASH
She knows the value of [illegible]
CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

SMART FASHIONS FOR MILADY!
THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY bring the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!

THE RIDDLE OF EGYPT'S LOST QUEENS.

(Continued from Double Page)

[illegible] Ramses III [illegible] government of Egypt [illegible] but during one of [illegible] sons Pentaouit [illegible] ordinary wife of [illegible] plotted against the [illegible]

Herodotus [illegible]

When [illegible] Ramses III [illegible] Ramses III was saved with the others.

Thereupon Ramses III [illegible]

[illegible] Ramses III [illegible] they [illegible] tried [illegible] women, to have the [illegible] and nose cut off. But Pentaouit was condemned states the papyrus, "to die by his own hand," and spare his noble family the shame of a public execution. Indescribable horror seizes us when we see his mummy, found at Der el-Bahri in a white coffin without any inscription. He seems to have been mummified alive, [illegible]

A Striking Small Limestone Sphinx of the Egyptian Queen, Hatshepsut, Discovered by an Expedition Sponsored by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City.

(Photo courtesy of the Museum, from International)

were kept in place by bandages. [illegible] have been [illegible] mouth is open [illegible] of terror.

WHEN [illegible] in the Louvre the [illegible] statues of Lady Maja, Lady Tui the [illegible] or in Berlin Lady Nehat or the bronze statue of Lady Takauhit in Athens we understand this Theban society of the last Ramses so well that we regret deeply that the mummies of these ladies have not yet been found.

Lady Takauhit and the Ladies Maja and Tui were priestesses or singers of the god Amon. That means that they had the most dissolute sort of life. For besides [illegible] ceremonies they were obliged to devote themselves to love in honor of the god. A whole "chronique scandaleuse" about them has reached [illegible] reluctant to tell it, but it is [illegible]

When they grew old like Lady [illegible] these ladies became the [illegible] of the [illegible] of Amon. [illegible] rich husbands. [illegible] Takauhit had the most beautiful house in Thebes constructed for her: three floors in pink bricks.

As to Lady Nehat, she was a society woman. The papyrus tells us that she received the generals on their return from Syria, scientists, and the director of the treasury of the Pharaoh. She gave parties where candied melons from the Nile Valley and stuffed onions were eaten with golden needles. It was the beginning of the decadence and it became fashionable to hold antimajestic parties.

The great symbol of the agony of the Egyptian kingdom was the [illegible] of tombs which started then. The famous papyrus relates the beginning of this new enterprise [illegible] the [illegible] of the great empire.

After the [illegible] dynasty until the [illegible] capital [illegible] should [illegible] day.

She is A[illegible] beauty [illegible] Karnak [illegible] Thebes. If [illegible] could be found we [illegible] other Catherine the [illegible]

THE last women [illegible] our [illegible] history [illegible] Amon.

When the Pharaohs [illegible] to reconcile the [illegible] Amon they decided to dedicate to his cult the most beautiful daughters of their priests. These had to lead a life of absolute chastity. [illegible]

We have found [illegible] of these priestesses in Karnak. [illegible] built at their [illegible] the imagination and the heart.

Where are their tombs? It remains a mystery. Among the [illegible] daughter of [illegible] III Pharaoh of Bubastis, [illegible] sister of [illegible] of Ethiopia, who later reigned over Egypt.

[illegible] whose picture [illegible] Her stele [illegible] temple of Amon [illegible] from Thebes to M[illegible] to meet her. Dressed in [illegible] and ornament with jewels of malachite, Nitocris leaves the royal palace at [illegible] on the Nile.

After 16 days she reaches Thebes where she is welcomed. Here [illegible] the daughter of the king of the north and the south to sing the praise of god at the temple of Karnak."

[illegible] she will herself welcome the new worshiper of Amon, Ankhesferi, "then she has [illegible] of a divine spouse [illegible] with two [illegible] of the divine [illegible] she will no more hear the people sing for her. The very [illegible] the very talented lady [illegible] of love, queen of all [illegible], she has gone to Amon Ra, [illegible] of the gods of Egypt.

The [illegible] of the desert and the [illegible] of the Nile have [illegible] of tombs which keep with their mummies the secrets of [illegible] so intensely [illegible] with the infinite [illegible] of death.

At their [illegible] the queens [illegible] to listen to [illegible] singers [illegible] nal song.

"Let this be a [illegible] are only born to die. [illegible] and goes down at night. Generations chase each other without beholding anything of what they [illegible] on this earth."

"Where are the snows of yesteryear," asks Villon.

Trees That Use Toothpicks

TREES don't have teeth, but trees like toothpicks, especially the kind that the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington now uses to transplant pecan trees.

As with so many trees the pecan is a delicate fragile little plant when it is first set out. Getting it over its first growing season in its new home is a tough task. The death rate among pecan seedlings is high. But with their toothpick trick the plant experts of the Government have solved the problem.

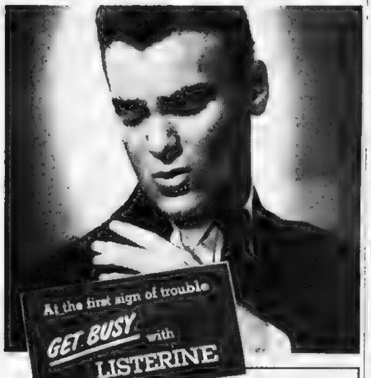
They take ordinary round toothpicks and soak them in a solution of the wondrous plant growth hormone—the chemical known as indole-3-butyric acid.

After the toothpick is saturated with this hormone the plant experts drill tiny holes in the roots of the pecan seedlings. Then into each hole they insert the toothpicks tightly.

Next the pecan seedlings are transplanted in normal fashion. They show surprising growth. The reason is that the supply of growth hormone in the toothpicks spreads out to the fragile roots and makes them take on a fast, constant growth of new roots which supports growth in the leafy above-the-ground structure of the little plant.

It is probable that the new discovery—worked out by L. D. Romberg and C. L. Smith of the Bureau of Plant Industry—can be applied to many other hard-to-transplant seedlings and cuttings.

It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace...
but not half so annoying as
infectious dandruff


At the first sign of trouble
GET BUSY with
LISTERINE

The Treatment
MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine [illegible] with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.
Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff [illegible]

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress [illegible] and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you've got the slightest evidence of this common form of dandruff, act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine Antiseptic is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum Ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of [illegible]

This germ-killing action [illegible] helps to explain why, in [illegible] tests, 76% of dandruff patients showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

THE POLICY OF THE CENTURY

WILL HELP PAY YOUR BILLS

YOU RECEIVE
$5,000.00
Accumulating to
$7,500.00
Benefits for stated Accidental Death, Loss of Hands, Feet, or Eyes
$25 PER WEEK FOR SICKNESS
$25 PER WEEK FOR ACCIDENT
$100 EMERGENCY ALLOWANCE
All subject to Century Policy provisions.
COST TO YOU $1 ONLY PER MONTH

The Federal Life and Casualty Company, a [illegible] company, which has paid [illegible] dollars to policyholders, offers you the new Century Policy. This company is not an association or assessment company. [illegible] It is approved by state insurance departments. Be safe! Costs only $1.00 per month. Just send coupon today for complete details.

Insures Men and Women — No Medical Examination

[illegible]

Send No Money

[illegible]

YOU Get Cash Quick!

MILLIONS PAID TO POLICY HOLDERS

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR COMPLETE DETAILS
FEDERAL LIFE & CASUALTY COMPANY
[illegible]

Send in Your Favorite Recipe! It May Earn $5 for You

HERE'S a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit. The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue of The American Weekly.

Turn to that page NOW . . . then read the simple rules that may lead to the easiest $5 you have ever earned!

America chooses New Quick LUX

WITH THE GIRLS OF U.S.A. IT'S NEW QUICK LUX 2 TO 1
IT'S SO MUCH FASTER—SO THRIFTY—SO SAFE!
DAINTY BLOUSES, like these red-white-and-blue striped voiles, are a smart American fashion! To keep them dainty America chooses Lux.

"From coast to coast, it's new, quick Lux 2 to 1," a nationwide survey shows. *Twice* as many women use new, quick Lux for underthings, nice dresses (other nice things, too) as use *any* other flakes, chips, beads.

Girls everywhere know new, quick Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor from underthings, dresses, blouses, leaves them really dainty. Keeps washables new-looking longer, too!

Easy now to avoid offending—

GOSH, I'M SLEEPY—THANK GOODNESS IT'S EASY TO FRESHEN UNDIES NOW—NEW QUICK LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR SO FAST!
IT KEEPS US NEW LOOKING LONGER, TOO
I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU—YOU'RE SO SWEET
I WANT BILL TO THINK THAT ALWAYS—SO I'LL ALWAYS PROTECT DAINTINESS WITH NEW QUICK LUX
DAINTINESS ALWAYS WINS

3 Times as Fast
New, quick Lux is the modern, streamlined washing care. In water as cool as your hand, it dissolves *3 times as fast* as any of 10 other leading soaps tested.

Goes Further
These speedy flakes are thrifty, too! They *go further,* give *more* suds (ounce for ounce) even in hard water, than any of the 10 other soaps tested.

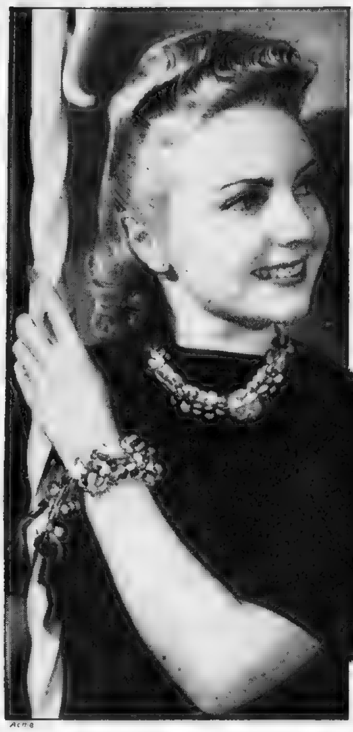
and So Safe
New, quick Lux has no harmful alkali. It's so *mild,* so *gentle*—safe for *anything* safe in water alone—keeps lovely colors like new longer! Comes in the same familiar box—costs you no more. The BIG box is *extra* thrifty!

New Quick Lux

© 1941 by American W[illegible] In[illegible] [illegible] Rights Reserved.

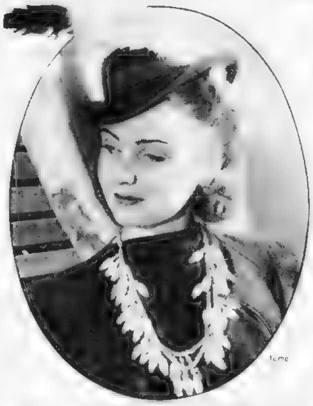
JEWELS RIGHT OFF THE FARM

Some of the New Spring Baubles Look Good Enough to Eat—And They Might Have Made a Meal Before They Were Ready to Wear



Acme

Some Farmer Can Take a Bow on the Up-to-the-Minute "Gems" Worn by the Pretty Young Woman at the Left. The Necklace and Bracelet Are Made of Kernels of Corn and Sliced Corn Cobs Specially Treated.



Acme

The Nifty Necklace Above Is Fashioned of Barley Kernels.

"JUNK jewelry" may not be jewelry in the strictest sense of the word but it isn't junk either. During the past few years the vogue for ornaments to be worn around the neck, on the hand and elsewhere on the feminine figure has developed into a major industry, one of the most ingenious and imaginative in the world.

Now-a-days necklaces, bracelets, rings, brooches and whatnot are made from almost anything under the sun, from sea shells, from leather and from wood. Non-precious metals have been pressed into service and even live flowers have come into their own with the invention of special clips which make it possible to [illegible] them in [illegible].

The photographs on this page show that the [illegible] and makers of "junk jewelry" are still coming up with new ideas. The "gems" [illegible] by the young women started out as farm produce and, by [illegible], wound up on the necks and wrists of pretty and fastidious customers.

The young woman at the left of this page is [illegible] an ultra-modern version of corn-on-the-cob and off the cob too. The "jewels" in her necklace are fashioned of kernels of yellow corn and purple corn interspersed with corn-cob discs. Jokers say that the girls are going in for "corny" ornamentation, but the creations turn out to be very pleasing to the eye and quite flattering to a graceful throat.

Just as [illegible] worn by the pretty young person in the oval [illegible]

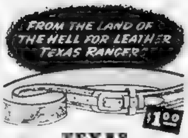
[illegible]

One of the [illegible] most attractive [illegible] in the Spring [illegible]. This [illegible] because the [illegible] much like [illegible] lasts for years. [illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] intended for evening wear. But it goes perfectly with less formal [illegible].

[illegible]


FROM THE LAND OF THE HELL FOR LEATHER TEXAS RANGERS
$1.00

TEXAS RANGER BELTS

[illegible]

write for FREE catalog

[illegible]

NO OTHER magazine in the world offers scientific articles in as understandable, everyday language as The American Weekly. It provides more than 7,000,000 American families with articles concerning science's latest achievements. All chockful of facts explained clearly. All scientifically accurate!

WHY FIGHT about bulbsnatching when the right size G-E MAZDA lamp costs as little as 10¢? Avoid eyestrain and arguments by getting enough *spare* G-E MAZDA lamps on hand so every reading lamp can always total at least 100 watts. Do it today!

15 and 25 watt . . . 10¢
40, 50 and 60 watt 13¢
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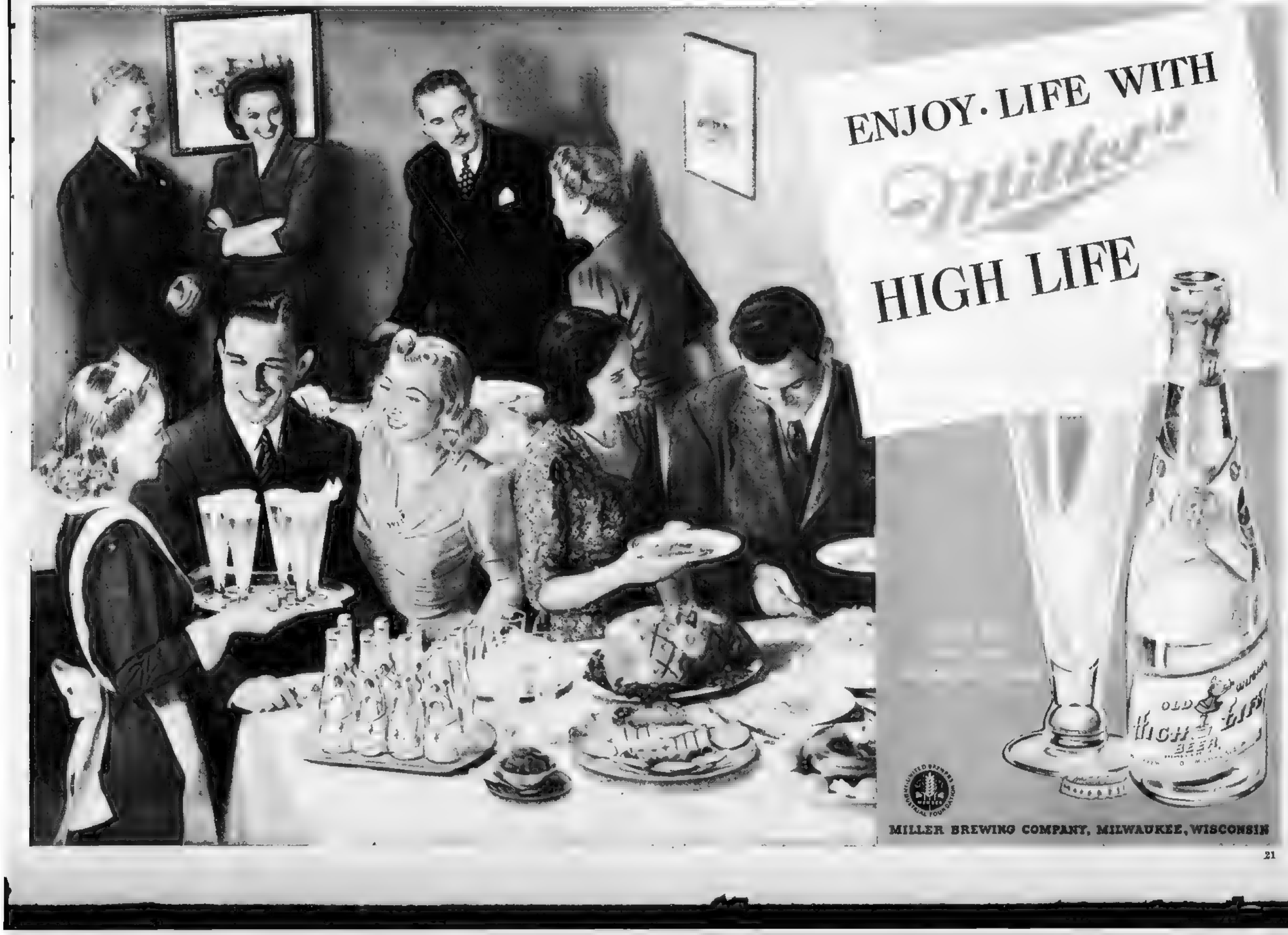
MADE TO STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

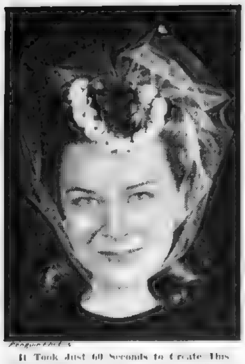
G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



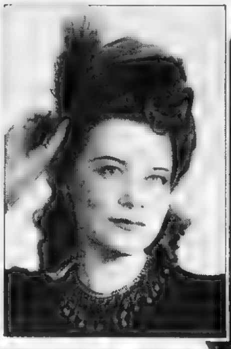
MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The NEW HURRY-UP HATS

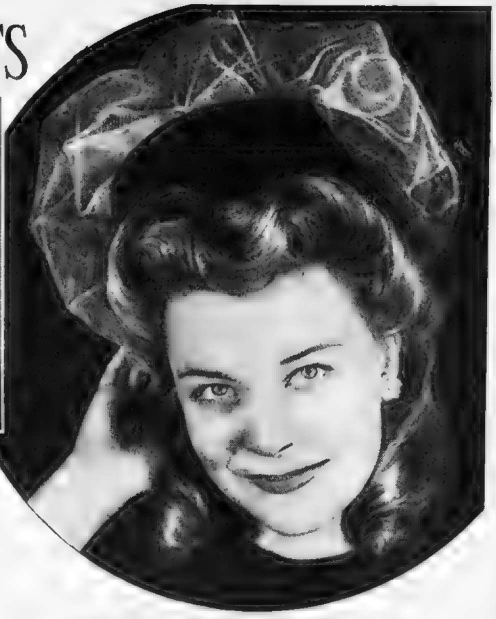
A Dozen of Them Can Be Fashioned From the Same Little Wisp of Tulle and Any Old Odds and Ends Kicking Around in a Bureau Drawer



It Took Just 60 Seconds to Create This Fetching Hat—With a Strip of Tulle and a Few Artificial Rosebuds.



The Same Piece of Frothy Stuff and a Feather From an Old Hat Produces a Bit of Hurry-Up Millinery.



Like the Halo of an Angel, More or Less, Is This Version of the Hustle-Up Hat. This Time the Tulle Was Arranged Above a Strip of Black Material That Just Happened to Be Laying Around the House.

MOST of the girls [illegible] of the Mode [illegible] whatever [illegible] the fashion [illegible] with idea of [illegible] occasionally [illegible] hit on a notion that [illegible] good.

The photographs on this page show Miss Cynthia Gaylord, a pretty young radio actress, [illegible] three of the clever tricks she can perform with nothing more than a scrap of tulle [illegible] sadly [illegible] bor[illegible] the [illegible] of hats which can [illegible]

[illegible] of the aforementioned wisp of tulle [illegible] a small piece of [illegible] which [illegible] of her [illegible]. One [illegible] head [illegible] [illegible] of the tulle [illegible]

With a little practice Miss Gaylord [illegible] 60 seconds [illegible]

[illegible] length of material [illegible] hat like a [illegible] held together [illegible] with strip of artificial [illegible] the hat as [illegible] the hurry-up hat was easily and speedily achieved by winding the tulle in a slightly different pattern and garnishing it with a small feather from an old hat. The ingenious designer says that she could just as well have used a bow of ribbon or a [illegible] of artificial fruit and the result would have been something else again but good.

It should be explained, however, that the effects shown on this page are not quite as easy as they look. The woman who presumes to create her own millinery designs on short order must "have a way" with material and have at least a few drops of designing blood in her system.

Novices with no flair for such undertakings are quite likely to make the same simple "props" used by Miss Gaylord look sloppy or ridiculous instead of chic. But with a little experimenting the trick can be done.

Miss Gaylord is not suggesting that American womanhood go into competition with the millinery business. She thinks that those who [illegible] hats professionally have their work, and their market, cut out for them. She does say, however, that very pleasing little hats can be put together on the spur of the moment and with a minimum of material.

Almanack Echoes

The Stew Champion of Cloquet, Mich.?

Dear Almanack:

My husband's greatest weakness is stews, and the funny part of it is that he not only eats them, but makes every stew he eats! It is his hobby on stormy days to retire into the kitchen to see if he can't succeed in making something a "little different."

He has succeeded to such an extent that I have crowned him the champion stew maker. He does not use a cook book but just "makes things out of his head" as he puts it. He never measured anything until I asked him to put down on paper just how much of what he uses in his stews, but he did not know that my purpose was to send his "recipes" to the Almanack.

Use the ingredients as I [illegible] them [illegible] The herring stew is especially unusual and good even though it may sound a trifle odd. My husband and I are very interested in your Almanack of Recipes and have [illegible]

I do hope that you find at least one of his "recipes" to be a prize winner. Won't you please try some of them out.

Herring Stew

Peel and cut in quarters 4 medium sized potatoes and 1 small onion. Add enough water to cover and salt to taste; also 4 whole [illegible] Cook until potatoes are half done; then place [illegible] what have been [illegible] across the top of potatoes [illegible] and cook slowly until both fish and potatoes are done. Remove fish carefully to a platter. Add ½ cup cream (or [illegible] cup if you prefer it less rich) to stew and thicken with flour, but do not make it too thick. Cook a few seconds longer and pour over herring. Serve hot, this is unbelievably good!

Chicken Stew

Here is a he-man's stew, it is filling and yet it tastes excellent. Take about 1½ gallons water to which add 1 chicken which has been cut up and ½ pound fat bacon cut up fine. As soon as the chicken is cooked so it leaves the bones, take it out of the water and separate the meat from the bones. Return the meat to the water, then add 1 quart of potatoes which have been boiled and [illegible] 1 pint home canned [illegible] corn (I imagine the [illegible] corn would serve equally as well), 1 half pint home canned butter beans, 1 pint home canned tomatoes and ½ loaf [illegible] Season with black and red pepper, salt, and a good sized hunk of butter. Do not put [illegible] in until stew is nearly done. As it begins to thicken, stir. When this stew is carefully made, you will be unable to detect any of the ingredients.

Kidney Bean Stew

Soak 1½ cups kidney beans overnight. In the morning cook until tender. Brown 1 sliced onion in 4 tablespoons ham or bacon drippings. Add to stew with 3 cups tomatoes (again the shelves of home canned vegetables come in handy) and ½ cup macaroni, or rice, whichever you prefer. Add seasonings to taste and cook slowly until done.

Hilda Huard,
Cloquet, Minn.

(Many thanks, Mrs. Huard, for writing to us and sending in your husband's stew recipes. Pending further [illegible] we'll be glad to help [illegible] Male Stew Champion of Cloquet, Minn. [illegible] important [illegible] prize winner's check which [illegible] in the mail for him.—The Editor.)

RECIPE TREASURES

Dear Almanack,

Only a confirmed "sourpuss" would fail to get a kick out of the "backyard" atmosphere of Your Food Almanack.

I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time when I saw Shoo-Fly Pie in print. I had always thought that was a private figment of my dear mother's imagination. She often used to invent something in a hurry, attach a [illegible] name to it and all of us children would eat every bit of it, almost reverently and that was the very pie.

I've tried nearly every recipe since the Almanack began and some of them like Lane Dunbar's Pennsylvania Dutch Pie, Mrs. Westra's Spring Lamb and Mrs. Unek's Veal and Lamb Paprika have practically revolutionized our habits of eating. Recipes like those are treasures and I use them over and over again.

Mrs. Bogan
Superior, Wis.

(Mrs. Bogan, there's so much in what you say about the "over-the-fence" neighborly recipe exchange [illegible])

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address letters to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 141, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

[illegible]

LIKES SILHOUETTES

Dear Almanack:

My heart is totally won over by those darling little silhouettes that adorn the good recipes. Whoever the artist is—Hats off to him. I have cut many out and glued them on my cupboard doors [illegible] the tin cans that I keep for flour, sugar, salt, etc. I shellac over them and they stay on [illegible] sparkle and make my kitchen gay and cheerful.

Mrs. Zaid Smith
Mendocino, Calif.

([illegible] highly [illegible] The Editor.)

Preparing the "Immigrant Dinner"

Dear Almanack:

I have been truly grateful to the Senor Ding who so graciously supplied the recipe for "Mock Turkey" in a not too recent issue. I have made it over and over again, only varying the ingredients slightly to suit my individual palate which has a terrific yen for the onion family. I have not bothered to buy a mallet, preferring the more simple expedient of locking the kitchen door until the "turkey" was evenly divided on each plate—well, not quite evenly since I have to taste a portion from each plate to make sure the "turkey" is of uniform quality throughout.

The foundation of this recipe was given to me many years ago, shortly after my arrival in America, by the Grecian wife of my Greek landlord. It permits many variations of ingredients to suit individual palates and is truly an economical, nourishing dish. So many so-called economical dishes are far from such unless one has all the spices of the world in one's cupboard. May I digress and kill a much-mooted fallacy. Very few of the so oft-mentioned cheaper cuts of meat are cheap when they finally reach the table; for instance, chuck roast, plate navel and spare ribs are far from economical when the waste of bone, fat and gristle is taken into account. The cheapest cuts in the long run are those with the least waste; well, back to my recipe. It has no name so I suppose we'll have to invent one. We'll just call it an "immigrant dinner."

(6 helpings, or how big is your appetite?)

- 1 pound hamburger
- ½ to 1 cup rice, uncooked
- 1 teaspoon thyme
- 1 medium onion grated
- 1 kernel garlic, well chopped and crushed in mixing bowl
- 2 tablespoons salt or to taste
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes put through coarse sieve to which is added 1 can of water

I prefer ½ cup rice, but more may be used for economy.

Mix hamburger, rice, and all ingredients except Worcestershire and tomatoes, together thoroughly, and I mean thoroughly, preferably an hour or two in advance of the time you commence preparing the meal. Form into medium sized balls and brown well in lightly greased pan. Drop together with scrapings of pan into pot with tight cover or an earthenware casserole in which tomatoes have come to simmering point, add Worcestershire at this time. Simmer very slowly one and one-half to two hours, stirring occasionally so rice will not stick to bottom of pot.

Now, in serving, it will make a meal in itself with bread, butter, a light dessert and coffee or you can garnish with your favorite vegetable. For me, I like a couple of nice, fluffy Irish potatoes in the center of the plate covered with the sauce and surrounded with the meat balls. The dish may be prepared the day before or well in advance, as it will stand any number of re-heatings.

Ah, Senor Ding, it will be a grand and glorious day when the belt manufacturers are turning out more size 40's than any other size, for the creaking of a well-laden table at the end of the day brings as much comfort to the spirit as the heart of man could desire.

Patrick Cullen,
New York City, N. Y.

(Mr. Cullen, undoubtedly Ding Pedro, whose wondrous recipe for Mock Turkey appeared here some months ago will enjoy your letter as much as many Almanackers will like your excellent recipe.—The Editor.)

READY FOR SALAD TIME?

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Let Your Refrigerator "Cook" For You

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE weather man does not allow himself to be quoted, but all signs point to another hot "Good Old Summertime."

Moreover, it's going to be a busy, occupied and demanding Summer for every home-maker who is a kitchen corporal on her own home defense lines. For these two reasons in particular, it's necessary for the home-manager to see to her refrigerator and get in shape every detail which will make for comfort, guard health, and save her own time for other tasks.

What so thirst-quenching at the end of a hard, sultry Summer's day as a tall tinkling glass of iced tea or fruity beverage? Or, for a relaxing meal, what more happy choice than a refreshing chilled soup, or a crystal meat or vegetable aspic? Or a dessert chosen from a long list of such palate-coolers as sherbet, ice, or ice-cream?

Ice keeps foods, drinks and your family cool with safety. For the ice which the ice-service man brings is made of the purest water purified by long filtering. Plenty of ice, whether in the form of convenient cubes or in the form of chipped or crushed ice, makes drinks cool, and also fruits, and the many delicate perishables of the menu.

Again, ice keeps foods from spoiling: The bad bacteria boys—(micro-organisms) — create changes in foods which endanger health: that saucer of left-over gravy may go sour; those berries may shrivel; the milk may taint—all changes which not only alter taste and flavor, but also set up serious reactions when the food is taken into the system.

But bacteria can't stand cold; and whereas they flourish in excess moisture, their growth is less rapid when the air is dry and has good circulation. Therefore the simple answer to preventing growth of bacteria, and the resulting spoilage of perishable foods, is constant cold, proper moisture, and a circulation of purified air.

A modern 1941 air-conditioned ice refrigerator assures the home-maker that her foods will be safe, that she will have plenty of pure ice, and that her shopping time will be cut down because of the refrigerator's excellent storage services.

Moreover, there are added practical benefits. For example, the ice-service man assumes the responsibility of keeping the refrigerator iced at all times; there is a super-abundance of ice-cubes always available; or crushed ice, or ice-cubes by the bag, may be bought separately.

It is interesting to understand a few facts about this modern and quite new method of using ice. As is well known, cold air moves downward, while warm air rises. In these ice refrigerators this air circulation (set up by melting ice) is automatically controlled by scientifically-designed grids and "baffles"—the cold air seeps through the food compartment, while the warm air flows upwards to be again cooled.

As this air is cooled, two important things happen: The film of water from the melting ice gives moisture to the circulating air, thus keeping the foods in the box always moist, plump, and fresh. At the same time, the film of water washes the air free of food odors. The result is that foods are kept plump and juicy, and odors in the box cannot be mingled.

Another advantage to this flat melting of ice is that ice-cubes can be cut in five minutes from the flat upper surface of the ice-cake. This is done by the aid of the ice-cuber, which consists of a flat tank to be filled with hot water. The bottom surface is a grid, and when the filled tank of the cuber is placed on the ice-cake, the grid cuts cubes automatically, in a jiffy.

Many home-makers are aware of the advantages of shopping less frequently, but do not always take advantage of this idea in practical management of their own homes. Running to the store for this, that or the other, wastes time, and, particularly in hot weather, brings unnecessary fatigue and makes the woman "all tuckered-out" as she so often says.

Now, with a large capacity refrigerator, and with good planning, the perishable supplies for the average family would not need to be purchased more than twice a week, and staples or canned goods once a week. From the writer's long housekeeping experience and observation, Friday is the best day in the week for what might be called the Big Shopping. On that day, as contrasted with Saturday, stores are less crowded, parking space is more open, and clerks less jumpy and hurried.

When Friday is so employed, then the foods may be taken home, removed from their paper and bags, and laid away intelligently, according to the best space arrangements of the refrigerator. Also, many can be washed, and partially or wholly prepared ahead, so that, when Saturday morning comes, the home-maker finds her kitchen quiet and tidy, all the "makings" at hand, and herself in a rested mood to enjoy both family and guests.

Or, on any day, having the refrigerator well stocked with both fresh and prepared dishes means "free time" to devote to defense projects, attendance at committees, or giving time and effort to necessary community demands.

Right here is the place to remind women that cooking with cold is not just a clever phrase—it works.

Cooking is any process which makes foods suitable for eating, which makes eating more pleasurable, and which gives to the dish form, coherency and shape.

Does not cold do all this perfectly well? Yes, indeed, let your refrigerator "cook" for you this Summer, and here's how:

You can cook with cold a meat loaf whose ingredients have been previously heated, to assume a firm, velvety texture for slicing; you may make "crusts" out of cracker or other crumbs and let them "cook," or harden and solidify in the refrigerator; you may make gelatin or chiffon pies to set until chill; many kinds of delicious cookies are chilled or made firm in the refrigerator; or, a bowl of bread or bun batter can be mixed, and set in the rear of the refrigerator for a week, pinching off a portion of dough as required for a pan of delicious hot breads.

You now use your kitchen range on various speeds and temperatures. You may set it "High" or "Low," and so, too, you may adjust your cooking in the refrigerator, thus: **Cool** for the taste-point of refreshing beverages; **Chill** for salads, aspics and many desserts of the whipped cream type; **Cold,** meaning the absence of all heat, as when we say a "cold cut" of meat—that is, meat which is neither warm nor at the same time chill or icy; last, we have the adjustment to the term **Freeze,** which refers not to the time interval, but to an actual low temperature. We "cool" meats, we "chill" salads or desserts, we "freeze" ice-creams or refreshing sherbets.

Even with a large-capacity refrigerator, there is often such a demand on the ice supply that many homes will welcome an additional ice-using unit, such as the small ice-chest. Just about the size of a good-looking end-table, smart in white enamel and black legs, these miniature ice-chests can be slid under the kitchen table. They store surplus ice-cubes (grand for a party), hold perishable bulk foods, and, of course, chill a big store of bottled beverages.

Some of the new ice refrigerators, too, have a special "bar shelf" where ice-cubes, bottles and all the "makings" can be stood together, making preparation of refreshing beverages rapid and convenient.

Here are a few time-saving warm weather recipes:

Prize Picnic Loaf: Combine ½ pound ground smoked ham, ¼ pound ground beef liver, 1 pound ground beef, 1 cup moist bread-crumbs, 2 well-beaten eggs, ¼ cup tomato ketchup, 3 tablespoons Worcestershire, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, and dash of salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Pack into greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 1 hour. Cool overnight in refrigerator in baking pan. Slice thinly for cold cuts, sandwiches, etc. Makes 20 to 24 slices. Great for an outing.

Frosted Vegetable Salad: Dissolve 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin in 2 cups boiling water, and cool. Add ¾ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup heavy cream, whipped, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons minced onion, ¾ cup diced ripe tomatoes, ¾ cup thinly-sliced cucumbers, ¾ cup diced celery, and 3 tablespoons minced green pepper. Turn mixture into oiled mold or paper cups. Pack in 3 parts ice to 1 part salt, and frost or chill for 3 hours. Serve on lettuce, garnish with olives, gherkins, etc. Use with cold ham or chicken.

Banana Cream Pie: Make an unbaked crumb crust by rolling fine vanilla wafers to make ¼ cup crumbs and combining with 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening. Stand whole wafers around rim. Chill several hours in ice refrigerator. To make filling, combine ¼ cup lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, 1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk, 2 ripe bananas cut into small pieces, and chill. Turn into crumb crust. Chill 4 hours. Top with sweetened whipped cream, and garnish top with sliced bananas.

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MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

TRY THIS MOUTH-MELTIN' RHUBARB PIE — SEE WHY HOME COOKS VOTED 4 TO 1 . . . "I GET FLAKIER PIES WITH 'SURE-MIX' CRISCO!"
FLAKIER PASTRY! "I USED MY EVERYDAY RECIPE FOR PIE—WHEN I MADE THE CRISCO TEST—BUT IT TURNED OUT MUCH FLAKIER THAN WITH MY USUAL SHORTENING." Mrs. Alma Olsen, San José, Calif.

Something new'n delicious!
ROSY RHUBARB PIE
Sweetness and rosy color supplied by strawberry jam!

3½ cups cut rhubarb
1 cup strawberry jam
2 tablespoons tapioca

Mix rhubarb, jam and tapioca. Put into 9" pie plate lined with the following Crisco pastry—

CRISCO PASTRY—TENDER AND FLAKY!

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup Crisco
3 to 5 tablespoons water

Sift flour with salt. Cut in Crisco. (New Crisco blends like magic! . . . makes pie crust so tender!) When mixture looks mealy, stir in water, using as little as possible. Divide dough. Roll out lower crust and line pie plate; let pastry hang over edge about ½ inch. Fill with rhubarb mixture. Roll out top crust. (While a whole crust is suitable, a criss-cross top lets the rosy fruit show through.) Arrange narrow strips of pastry criss-cross fashion across pie. Fold lower crust pastry up over ends of strips and flute edge. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 35 minutes.

All Measurements Level

So easy to get tender, flakier pastry with "Sure-Mix" Crisco! It's different!

Is your pie the flaky kind that melts in your mouth almost before you bite through it? Or is it "just pie"? Well, don't be discouraged . . .

There's grand news for you in the experience of hundreds of housewives who discovered how the *change of one ingredient* gave them tender, flakier pies.

These housewives, in 20 cities from Coast to Coast, were using every kind of shortening you can think of; independent investigators stopped at their homes—gave them cans of New "Sure-Mix" Crisco—and asked them to make pies with this Crisco and their regular shortenings—and compare.

New Crisco wins 4 to 1 . . .

When these housewives told us which shortening they liked best, "Sure-Mix" Crisco pies won their vote by 4 to 1 over all other shortenings combined! Yes—they said Crisco pies were "tender and flakier". . . they "tasted better." And the home folks heartily agreed.

And Crisco cakes got the same 4-to-1 vote. "They're lighter—smoother-textured—more delicious!" women said, "and Crisco fried foods are crisp—not greasy—better-tasting."

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Change to New "Sure-Mix" Crisco for your baking and frying. It's made to make everything taste better. Just watch your family "sit up and take notice"!

SUCH CRISP, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS! "WITH NEW CRISCO MY FRENCH-FRIES WERE AN EVEN GOLDEN-BROWN. MY DOUGHNUTS WERE LIGHT—NOT GREASY. MY FAMILY JUST LOVED 'EM!" Mrs. Hugh Burnett, Cleveland, Ohio

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When a question was sent to doctors by a leading medical publication, 2 out of 3 of the doctors who replied called specific attention to Crisco's digestibility.

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Try this recipe for GRAVY

It makes the meal!

1. Blend until smooth 3 tablespoons each of pan fat and flour.
2. Add gradually 2½ cups boiling water (or water from vegetables) and 2 tablespoons of evaporated or top milk. Stir and cook about 3 minutes over direct heat, until thickened and smooth.
3. Stir in 1½ teaspoons of Kitchen Bouquet. Salt to taste.

● Adds flavor and color to soups, stews, meat and fish. Ask for it at your grocer's.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
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HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Many Types of Chinese Recipes Still Await American Discovery

By TSING YING TSANG,
Riverdale, N. Y.

"CANTONESE food is thus far the only Chinese type known to the Occidental World," said Dr. Gwei-Djen Lu, who some weeks ago had six recipes published in the Almanack. So many American housewives consider Cantonese chop suey and chow mein as representative of the cooking of all China, that I most certainly agree with him.

China is a large country and the variety of its cooking might well be compared to the variety found in the many sections of the United States. In the Shanghai area, for example, where I come from, Chinese housewives have many ways of preparing chicken and eggs which have proven delightful to Americans who have tried them.

Here are a few of these little known Shanghai recipes which you may care to try in your own home. The Chinese cook uses a native white wine although a domestic American sherry or sherry flavor is equally as satisfactory.

* * *

CHICKEN, CHEKIANG STYLE

- 1 broiler (about three pounds)
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- 4 tablespoons soy sauce
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 small onions

Take the broiler and cut it up into small pieces. Braise chicken in oil and add the sherry. Then put the braised chicken in a saucepan and add the soy sauce, the sugar, salt and the onion sliced. Add as much water as there is juice from the various ingredients. Cook with a medium flame for about an hour or until the chicken is thoroughly tender. This dish has a most delicious flavor and is unlike any dish prepared in the Cantonese style.

* * *

WALNUT CHICKEN

- 1 spring chicken (about 3 pounds)
- 2 white of eggs
- 1 tablespoon white wine
- ½ cup walnut meat (skin removed)
- 1 cup cabbage (shredded)
- ¾ cup fresh peas
- ½ cup fresh mushrooms (diced)
- 1 sprig scallion

Take the chicken and cut the meat off when it's raw and dice it. Add to it the whites of eggs well beaten and then add the wine. Leave to marinate while you prepare the vegetables. Into about 5 tablespoons of hot oil put the walnut meats, the peas, cabbage and mushrooms. Fry until done...then in a separate pan put the chicken into about 4 tablespoons of hot oil, putting the scallion with it...fry until done then put the vegetables in with the chicken and fry for just a few minutes until hot. Then its ready to serve.

* * *

STEAMED EGGS

- 6 eggs
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon sherry
- 2 tablespoons chopped mushrooms

Take the eggs and break them into a bowl. Add the soy sauce and the sherry and beat thoroughly and then put into a double boiler and steam until the mixture is nearly congealed. When the eggs are nearly congealed, add the mushrooms that have been previously fried in oil or bacon fat. The mushrooms are added later to prevent them from sinking to the bottom. Thus the mushroom flavor is more evenly distributed. After the mushrooms are added, cook until hard.

* * *

EGGS IN THE SAUCEPAN

- 6 eggs
- 1 tablespoon sherry
- 2 teaspoons salt
- A dash of pepper

Beat the eggs adding the pepper, salt and sherry wine. Heat 4 tablespoons of oil in a saucepan until it starts to smoke slightly. Turn the oil around in the pan until the oil has touched the side of the pan up to the level that the eggs will reach up to. (This is to keep the eggs from sticking to the side of the pan.) Pour the eggs in and cook on the lowest heat possible with the lid covered. (opening the lid too often will cause the eggs to be improperly cooked. Open the lid when the fragrance begins to come out...if it is not quite done yet, recover and cook for a few minutes longer.

* * *

HARD BOILED EGGS A LA CHINOISE

- 6 eggs
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Take the onions and chop them fairly fine and fry them in cooking oil until they are thoroughly browned. Add the soy sauce, the salt and the sugar and about 1 cup of water. Cook this mixture until it comes to a boil; then put in the eggs that have been previously hard-boiled and peeled; put the eggs in one by one, allowing each one to be thoroughly saturated in the liquor. Cook with a slow flame until the eggs become brown. (about twenty to thirty minutes.)

When the eggs become light brown, it is an indication that the liquor has been thoroughly absorbed by them. The eggs can be served either cold or hot, whole, or sliced. This makes a marvelous entree dish for those who do not want either meat or fish. When they are served cold and cut into sections they make an unusual canape for cocktails.

The soy sauce which appears in nearly every dish can be bought at any grocery store. It is a grand ingredient to have about the house as it adds infinitely to roasts or fish and improves the taste of any gravy. It can also be used in place of salt. One teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water with a dash of pepper makes the most excellent vegetarian beefbroth that you could want.

In the 17th Century, German Housewives Kept Large Sugar Jars on Their Window Sills to Show Passers-by What Good Providers Their Husbands Were.

HURRICANE APPLE BREAD

EXCELLENT FOR GUEST AND FAMILY MEALS

"AFTER the devastating hurricane which swept New England in the late Fall of 1938, many, many apples were left lying on the ground, the trees having succumbed to the fury of the storm," writes Miss Meg Gammons, Attleboro, Mass. "It left New Englanders with quite an apple problem on their hands. Many of us originated recipes and here is mine. It is wonderful sliced thin, while piping hot from the oven, and spread with sweet cream butter. With a hot cup of tea, it makes a grand luncheon in itself.

- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- ⅓ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup of peeled, cut-up sweet apple
- ½ cup milk
- ¼ cup chopped raw cranberries (if tart taste is desired)

Nuts and raisins can be added if desired, or chopped prunes.

"Cream shortening with sugar. Add well-beaten egg. Sift flour with other dry ingredients. Put the apples (peeled and cut up finely) into a standard measuring cup. (It depends on size of apples how many you'll need to fill cup. Add apple to dry mixture. Blend ½ cup milk with butter, sugar and egg. Then add the flour and apple mixture to it. Put into a well-oiled loaf pan and bake for fifty minutes in a moderate oven of from 350 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit.

"I have added chopped English walnuts, prunes, and raisins to this mixture, and if you like a tart tasting bread, by all means add the cranberries. This is a 'tried-and-true' recipe born of the hurricane and it is universally liked by those who try it.

(**Miss Gammons, many thanks for your fine recipe.** Your recipe is one of the best quick breads we have ever tried. We followed your directions, using ground raw cranberries and about the same quantity of chopped pecan nuts.—Mary Lee Swann.)

The Favorite Seasoning of the Portuguese in the 16th Century Was Vinegar. Most People Carried It With Them in Small Flasks for Use in Public Dining Places as Well as Their Own Homes.

SPRING SLAW

A FINE "GREENS" COURSE FOR ANY MEAL

"HERE is a simple but thoroughly pleasing course that we like to serve," writes Mrs. Shirlie M. Smith, Liberty, Tenn. "One head, or several young lettuces. 6 or 8 young green onions, 3 or 4 tender radishes, 1 tablespoon sugar, mild vinegar to cover. Chill on ice, or keep in cool place.

"Chop lettuce, onions, and radishes very fine, add sugar and toss with fork until well mixed, cover with very mild vinegar. Some prefer a pinch of salt."

(Mrs. Smith, this is a delightfully refreshing salad to prepare for any meal now that Spring is really here.—Mary Lee Swann.)

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

Greenland's Early Settlers Used Frozen Bear Steaks as Currency. A Laborer Received Two Such Steaks for His Day's Work.

PINE ACRES GOULASH

IT'S MADE WITH SLICED MUSHROOMS

"SINCE we raise mushrooms for market here at Pine Acres, we use them often in our food," writes Mrs. H. F. Cross, Urbana, Ill. "Here is an inexpensive recipe we like especially. We call it Pine Acres Goulash.

- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 pound mushrooms
- 2 cups white sauce
- 1 minced onion
- Grated cheese

"Put sliced mushrooms to soak in a quart of water with a tablespoon of vinegar added. Fry meat in butter or shortening, breaking into small pieces with a fork. When it is brown add drained mushrooms and onion and continue to cook on low heat about five minutes. Season to taste. Put the mixture in an oven dish, cover with your favorite white sauce, and sprinkle with grated American cheese. Bake in a moderate oven fifteen to twenty minutes."

(Mrs. Cross: Everyone who tried your Pine Acres Goulash in our Test Kitchen commented on its excellence. It is quite different in taste from the kind of goulash usually prepared at home.—Mary Lee Swann.)

As Early as the 16th Century B. C. Small Dishes, About the Size of Saucers Were Used as Currency in Northern China. A Small Pig Was Worth 130 of These Dishes.

FAVORITE PUDDING

AS GOOD AS ITS NAME SUGGESTS

"THIS has been a favorite pudding in our family for more than fifty years," writes Mrs. Ruth Bishop Kerley, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. "We were a large family with good appetites and there was then as now a budget to be watched, my mother had to think up ways to use leftovers. We baked our own bread, had our own fruit, milk and eggs which helped out a lot.

"My mother used the stale bread in many ways, one was in a bread pudding. Here is the way she made it except for the amount. I am giving that as I make it for my small family.

"I use a deep 9 by 9 inch baking dish for this amount.

"Toast and butter 8 slices of stale bread. Have made a good tart applesauce seasoned with a little cinnamon. Spread each slice of toast with the applesauce. Place 4 slices in the bottom of baking dish, then lightly place the remaining slices on top of other slices. Spread the apple sauce on good and thick.

"Use one pint of milk, 2 eggs, pinch of salt and a little bit of flavoring, sugar to sweeten (about ¾ to 1 cup). Beat all together and pour over the toast; this should be enough to float the toast. If it isn't, use a little more milk and sugar. Place in moderate oven and bake until the milk and eggs set as any custard."

(Mrs. Kerley, this is a fine old fashioned recipe which many Almanackers will relish. Some will like it plain, others will like it served with cream. —Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
P. O. Box 191.
Grand Central Annex, New York.

ICING

You can give your cookie or cake icing an unusual and flavorable touch by adding a little jam or jelly to the powdered sugar when it is being mixed. Strawberry jam used this way is particularly delectable.

Mrs. B. Griffin,
Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

CARROTS

When cooking carrots, never put salt into the water. Carrots will be tastier if salted before serving.

Mrs. Rose Chowanec,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

FLAVOR

Use a drop of almond flavoring in whipped cream or preserved peaches.

Mrs. A. E. Attwood,
Salem, Wisconsin.

* * *

CAKE

When making a fruit cake put the fruit into the creamed butter and sugar. Fruit will not go to the bottom. Leave the fruit cake mixed for the oven—in the icebox 24 hours, then bake.

Louise Pentz,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

DARKER

To make the chocolate on cakes dark brown, use dark brown sugar and add ¼ teaspoon of powdered cloves.

Augie M. Yoakam,
Marshfield, Oregon.

* * *

PLASTERS

Stick 3 or 4 corn plasters on the bottom of ash trays, vases and bowls and your furniture will not be scratched or the rings will not be left from dampness under the vases and bowls of flowers.

Mrs. Monroe Wilson,
Fort Valley, Georgia.

* * *

SCOTTISH

While visiting some Scottish friends I learned an odd trick of labor and time saving that has been my pet for a number of years, so I'll send it on: when sweeping upstairs or out-of-the way places, take a newspaper sheet and wet one entire edge. Press it firmly to the floor and it will adhere very well. Sweep the lint and dust on the paper and burn all. I use this all over my home, as it's very sanitary and handy.

Mrs. L. Holland,
Melones, California.

* * *

RHUBARB

The Spring time brings the fresh rhubarb pie, and if rhubarb is greener than you wish, just add a few drops of red fruit coloring before putting on top crust. The pie will look as delicious as it tastes, with its pink juice.

Miss Lena Sherbon,
Odell, Oregon.

* * *

SCRAMBLED

When eggs are too expensive to scramble many for breakfast, I add rolled cracker crumbs to beaten eggs and milk, seasoned with salt and pepper and have a generous helping for everyone.

Mrs. E. S. Dulin,
Cookeville, Tenn.

* * *

SYRUP

Pour the syrup from one 3 ounce bottle maraschino cherries, to whipped cream for topping a cherry pie, made from any canned cherries. You will have really a cherry flavor, put one or two of the cherries on top for decoration—Delicious.

Edna Ruth House,
Three Rivers, Texas.

* * *

BEANS

When cooking dried lima beans, drop a very small piece of butter (about twice the size of a pea) into the kettle when putting the beans on to cook, and it will completely prevent their foaming out over the pan, as they usually do, without retarding their cooking to the required tenderness.

Mrs. William F. Randolph,
Renton, Pa.

* * *

CRUSHER

Next time you must crush pills for an ill person try this method. Put the tablets between two tablespoons fitted together and press hard. Presto! They are in powder form with no mess nor loss.

Mrs. John Boddecker,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

* * *

SELECTOR

Last Christmas my five year old daughter was given a victorola and some records. Unable to read yet, she found difficulty in selecting the piece she desired to play. I solved her problem by pasting small pictures (that corresponded with each title) on each side of the records. For instance, "Lazy Mary Will You Get Up?" has the picture of a girl in bed, while the record, "Jack and Jill" has the picture of a little boy and girl. I explained the connection of each picture and record title, and now she can choose her own selection without any difficulty.

Mrs. Edward Stoll,
Ashland, Ohio.

* * *

DOGS

I've a pet dog who sometimes if not watched closely will curl up in the big arm chair or studio couch. I take large flour or sugar bags, rip them open and wash. After drying them, I put on top of the covers of the furniture. I have several for changes.

Mrs. Clara Voina,
Ellwood City, Pa.

* * *

DISGUISE

I have discovered a very good way of disguising eggs for children (or adults) who need extra nourishment and just won't eat eggs. Beat, till fluffy, a whole egg, then add one cup of milk, then beat again. Mix one-sixth teaspoon cocoa and one-sixth teaspoon sugar with a little milk to form a paste, then add to milk and egg mixture and beat well. Serve immediately.

Mrs. Wm. Grindell,
Los Angeles, Calif.

AS THEY EAT 'EM IN NEW ENGLAND
B&M
NEW ENGLAND Brick Oven BAKED BEANS
WITH PORK AND SAUCE
SMALL CALIFORNIA PEA BEANS
BAKED IN OPEN POTS

Try serving with B & M Brown Bread and B & M Maine Corn Relish. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland, Maine.

I WAS AFRAID TO DYE MY GRAY HAIR!

"Once the very thought of dyeing my hair would frighten me!"

Many a woman has told us this story — a woman whose charm and youthful appearance belied her years.

"I had always thought that all hair dyes were dreadfully dangerous—turned your hair an unnatural color! I was sure that it would be much too difficult to color my hair myself—that all my friends would know.

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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes or Canned Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Delicate Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Melba Toast, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Grapejuice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Fish Roe, Muffins, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Stewed Figs or Apricots, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Bananas and Oranges, Cereal, Bohemian Pancakes, Honey, Coffee.
Luncheon Virginia Macaroni Custard or English Monkey, Beet Greens, Cucumber Salad, Delicate Muffins, Lemon Tarts, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cream of Tomato Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Baked Bean Salad with Lettuce, Fruit Compote, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Old-Fashioned Succotash, Golden Cornbread, Celery Seed Cole Slaw, Fruit Whip, Ice-Box Cookies, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Mulligatawny Soup, Favorite Mixed Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Jelly Jumbles, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Clam Chowder, Crisp Rye Wafers, Tearoom Relish, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Blancmange, Coffee.	***Luncheon*** Spanish Rice, Lettuce and Raw Spinach Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Cup Custards, Tea.	***Dinner*** Apple Juice Cocktail, Roast Chicken, Bread Dressing, Gravy, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Mashed Turnips or Green Peas, Romaine and Endive Salad, French Dressing, Strawberry Mousse with Whole Berries, Coffee.
Dinner Baked Liver Loaf, Buttered Carrots, Green Peas, Shredded Cabbage Salad, Sour Cream Dressing, Grapejuice Sponge.	***Dinner*** Veal Birds, Brown Gravy, Scalloped Potatoes and Diced Carrots, Lettuce Salad with Minced Beets, Ginger Pudding, Foamy Cream Sauce.	***Dinner*** Browned Round Steak with Gravy, Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas, Spiced Beets or Carrots, Lemon Milk Sherbet.	***Dinner*** Ham and Veal Loaf, Scalloped Potatoes, Dandelion Greens, Stuffed Pepper Salad, Sponge Cake, Fruit Cream Sauce.	***Dinner*** Lemon Cocktail, Planked Trout, Whipped Potatoes, Creamed Cucumbers or Peas, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Pineapple Sherbet with Strawberries.	***Dinner (After Outing in Woods)*** Hot Baked Bean Soup, Rolls, Frozen Fruit Salad or Economy Fruit Salad, Hot Punch or Herb Tea.	***Supper*** Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches, Mayonnaise, Cream Cheese and Orange Bread Sandwiches, Hot Lemonade or Milk.

RECIPES FROM OUR MENUS

French Dressing with Variations (By Request).

BEAT 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mustard, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add ½ cup salad oil slowly, beating vigorously until of consistency of thick cream. Pour into bottle or jar and cover closely. Store in refrigerator and shake vigorously just before using. The dressing may be varied as desired by adding ½ teaspoon minced red or green pepper, ½ teaspoon minced parsley or chives, 1 tablespoon tomato catsup, ¼ cup chutney, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons minced hard-cooked egg, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped pickles, ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort cheese, 2 tablespoons minced black olives, etc.

Economy Fruit Salad with Cabbage (By Request).

FINELY chop 1 pound crisp hard white cabbage and mix it with 3 tablespoons chopped raisins, 2 or 3 finely-chopped apples and a dressing made by beating 2 mashed bananas with 10 tablespoons orange juice. This may be served with mayonnaise or sour cream dressing or without any dressing.

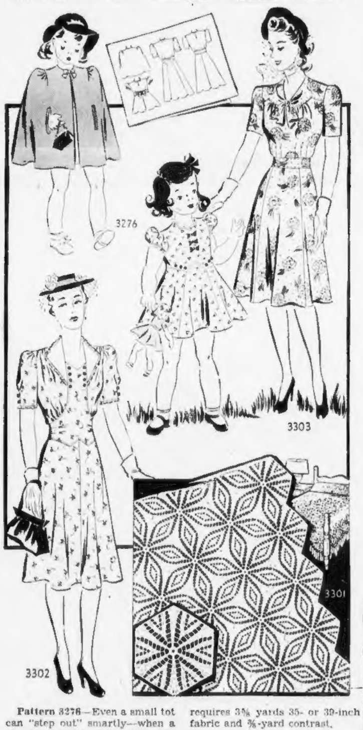
Mulligatawny Soup.

TO 1 quart skimmed and well-seasoned chicken stock add 1 minced small onion, ½ cup minced carrot, ½ cup diced turnip and ½ cup minced celery. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender. Strain, add 1 teaspoon curry powder and salt to taste. Thicken, if desired, with 1 or 2 tablespoons flour blended with a little of the soup. Add small cubes of cooked chicken breast and then serve piping hot.

Cheese Monkey.

SOAK 1 cup fine bread-crumbs in 1 cup milk for 10 minutes or until soft. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in top of double boiler over hot water. Add bread-crumbs and milk and ¼ pound sliced or grated soft American cheese. Stir until cheese is melted. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Stir and cook for about 3 minutes. Serve piping hot on hot Melba toast or on hot toasted buttered crackers.

The American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3276—Even a small tot can "step out" smartly—when a simple style like this will make both a cape and a party frock. Note the zig-zag front waist-seam and sweetheart neckline. Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 dress requires 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; cape, ⅞-yard 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3303—There's a demure and feminine air about this frock—so right in tune with the season! That trim waistband and the scalloped, bow-tied yoke are attractive details. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3302—Of course, you can look slim and young—even though your figure may be matronly! This frock proves it, with its flattering neckline, becoming bodice panel and waist-girdle. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35- or 39-inch fabric and ⅜-yard contrast.

Pattern 3301—Beautify your room with this heirloom spread. It's crocheted in easy medallions, done in string or fine cotton! You can form a cloth or scarf, too, if you prefer. Pattern 3301 contains directions for making medallion; illustrations of it and stitches; materials needed.

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15c EACH

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AMERICAN WEEKLY
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Requested Recipe

Chicken Custard
(Garnish for Soup).

FINELY chop cooked chicken breast. Press through sieve. To ¼ cup of the breast, add ¼ cup strained and skimmed chicken stock and ⅛ teaspoon paprika, salt, pepper, celery salt and nutmeg to taste. Add 1 slightly-beaten egg. Turn into a buttered mold, set in a pan of hot water, bake in a slow oven until firm. Cool, cut in cubes.

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THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Watch 'em grab another of these FULL FLAVOR Cherry Rolls says AUNT JENNY

Purer Spry lets you get the *FULL* tempting taste of these light tender rolls with rich brown sugar glaze on top

• What's in 'em? Cherries, coconut, brown sugar—boy, they're *yummy*, no other word for it! But watch out. Don't lose some of their deliciousness. Remember, ordinary shortenings may "dull" flavor. Play safe and use purer Spry. See how easily Spry mixes, too. Change to Spry for *all* your baking and frying. Get a can *now!*

Spry *FULL FLAVOR* Cherry Rolls

3 tablespoons Spry
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup shredded coconut
12 maraschino cherries
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons Spry
⅔ cup milk (about)
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup shredded coconut, chopped

• Combine first three ingredients. Spread muffin pans thickly with mixture. Sprinkle a few shreds of coconut in bottom of each cup and put a cherry in center of each.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Cut in Spry until mixture is as fine as meal. (You'll marvel how easily Spry mixes.) Add milk, mixing until a soft dough is formed. Knead lightly about 20 seconds.

Roll dough into a rectangle ¼-inch thick. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with mixture of brown sugar and coconut. Roll like jelly roll and cut in 1-inch slices. Place in muffin pans. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12 deliciously light, tender rolls. Use Spry for *all* hot breads—for cakes, pastry, frying.

(*All measurements in this recipe are level*)

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